

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

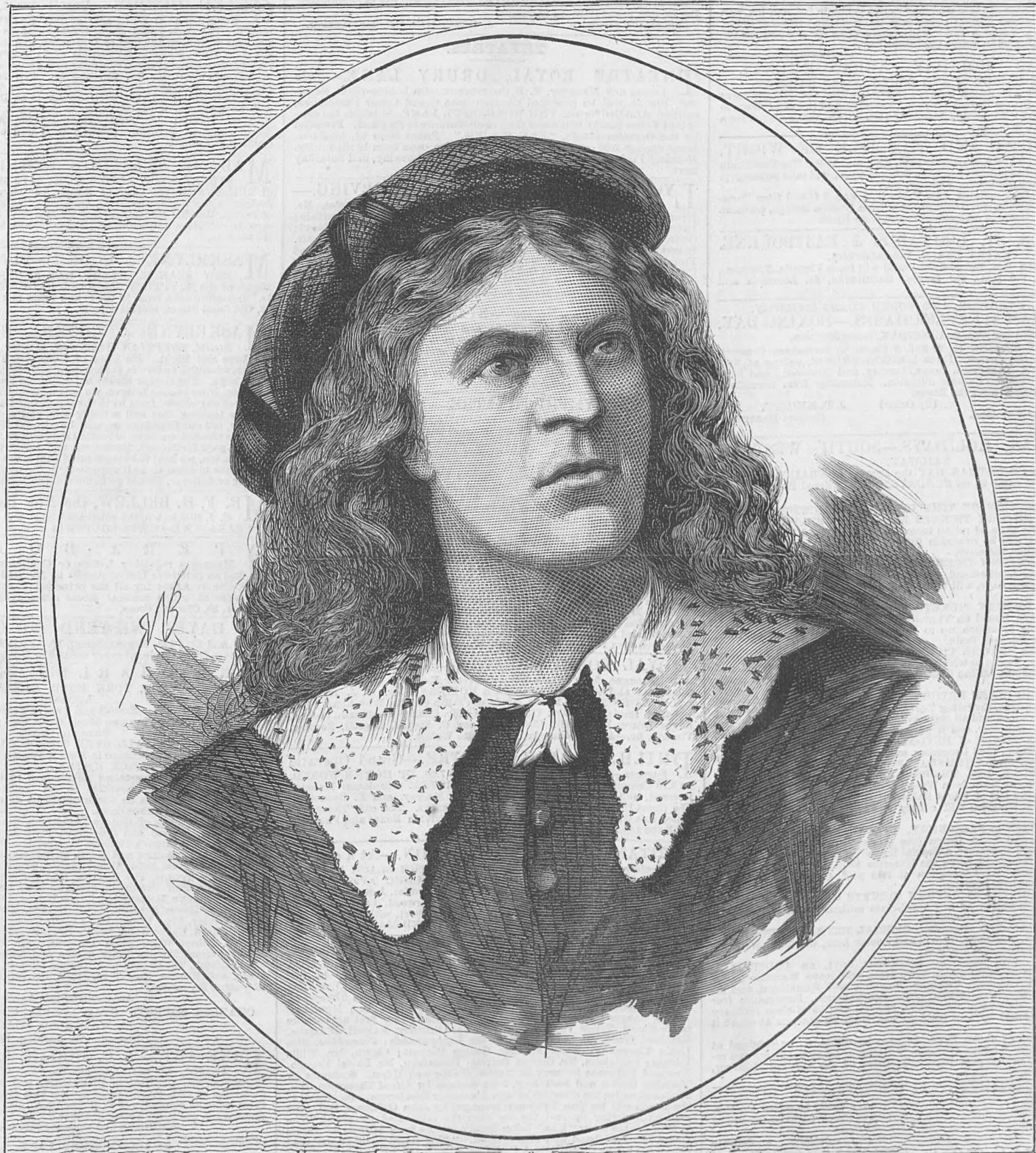


REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 44.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6*½*d.



MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, AS 'HAMLET.'

RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and London Bridge 12.00 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—1st class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. BOXING DAY, December 26th.

A CHEAP FAST TRAIN from London Bridge, 9.0 a.m., Victoria, 8.45 a.m., calling at Croydon. Returning from Brighton, 7.30 p.m.

Fare there and back, 4s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium.

The CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, will be issued from Portsmouth, Havant, Hastings, St. Leonards, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate stations, the same as on Wednesdays.

EVERY SATURDAY, INCLUDING BOXING DAY, December 26th.—FAST TRAINS for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and London Bridge 12.00 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—1st class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

London Bridge Terminus, December, 1874.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The additional travelling facilities provided by the LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY for the ensuing CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS are of the usual comprehensive and liberal character, comprising the following arrangements:—An EXTENSION OF TIME for RETURN TICKETS from the 22nd of December and subsequent days up to the 31st December, inclusive. On the day before CHRISTMAS DAY there will be EXTRA TRAINS from Victoria and London Bridge to Brighton, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, &c.

On CHRISTMAS DAY, EXTRA THIRD CLASS Morning Trains will run from Portsmouth to London and from London to Portsmouth, connecting with Boats for Isle of Wight. On this day, and also on BOXING DAY, there will be EXTRA MORNING AND EVENING TRAINS between London, Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, &c.

On BOXING DAY the GRAND AQUARIUM at Brighton is expected to be a special object of attraction. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, including admission to the Aquarium, will be issued from Victoria, London Bridge, Croydon, Clapham Junction, &c.; also similar Aquarium Admission Tickets will be issued to Brighton from Hastings, St. Leonards, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Horsham, Portsmouth, and intermediate stations. The usual BOXING DAY CHEAP TRAINS to the CRYSTAL PALACE will also run from London Bridge, Victoria, &c.

For the convenience of those who may desire to obtain information, and purchase their Railway Tickets previously, the West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Waterloo Place, will remain open till 10.00 p.m. on the Wednesday and Thursday before Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

RETURN TICKETS issued between December 22nd and 31st inclusive will be available for the Return Journey by any train of the same description and class up to Thursday, December 31st, except those issued for a less distance than 10 miles.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, December 23rd, 24th, and 26th. The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m. and London Bridge 5.00 p.m. will take passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Extra Fast Train (1, 2, and 3 Class) from Portsmouth, 8.30 a.m. to London, a similar Train from London Bridge, 8.40 a.m. to Portsmouth. Boats in connection to and from Ryde.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS & EASTBOURNE.—EXTRA TRAIN, December 24th.

A FAST TRAIN (1st, 2nd and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria, 7.50 p.m., London Bridge, 8.0 p.m., for Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards and Hastings.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

STREATHAM STEEPEL-CHASES.—BOXING DAY, December 26th, and MONDAY, December 28th.

CONVENIENT TRAINS (1, 2, and 3 Class) to Streatham Common Station, close to the Course. From LONDON BRIDGE, calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Peckham, Anerley, and Norwood; and from VICTORIA, calling at Clapham Junction. Returning from Streatham Common immediately after the Races.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

London Bridge Terminus, December, 1874.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

NOTICE.—On CHRISTMAS DAY the Service of TRAINS on all the Lines will be the same as on SUNDAYS, with additional Trains as hereafter mentioned.

EXTENSION OF TIME OF RETURN TICKETS.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS between ALL STATIONS (except for distances less than 30 miles) issued on Tuesday, 22nd December, and subsequent days, will be available for the Return Journey up to Thursday, 31st December, inclusive.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS between all Stations for distances less than 30 miles, issued on Thursday, 24th, or Friday, 25th December, will be available to return up to Saturday, 26th December, inclusive, including the Night Mail Train.

THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will only be issued for, and available to travel by, Trains to which Third Class Carriages are attached, and conveying Passengers for the Stations named on the Tickets either going or returning.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS to or from London and the principal stations, including Portsmouth, Southampton, Stokes Bay, Ryde, Ventnor, Cowes, and all stations on the Isle of Wight Railway; the Bournemouth, Dorchester, and Weymouth Lines, and Yeovil, Exeter, West of England, and NORTH of DEVON, will be issued by all third-class trains on TUESDAY, 22nd December, and subsequent days, available for the return journey up to THURSDAY, 31st December.

On WEDNESDAY, 23rd, THURSDAY, 24th, and SATURDAY, 26th December, the 5 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde and stations on the Isle of Wight Railway. On these days the 5.20 p.m. down train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde, via Stokes Bay.

SPECIAL TRAIN to SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, the West of England, North and South Devon (the shortest route by 23 miles).—On THURSDAY, 24th December, a Special Extra Train at ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class fares, will leave the Waterloo Station at 7.50 p.m., Kensington at 7.15 p.m., West Brompton at 7.18 p.m., Chelsea at 7.20 p.m., calling at the principal stations.

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued by this train, available to return by any third-class ordinary train up to and inclusive of Thursday, 31st December.

On THURSDAY, 24th December, SPECIAL EXTRA TRAINS for the BASINGSTOKE, Salisbury, Yeovil, and Exeter Line, will leave Waterloo at 6.40 and 11.35 a.m., and 3.40 p.m.

On FRIDAY, 25th December (Christmas Day), an ADDITIONAL TRAIN will run as follows:—A down train will leave Waterloo at 8.5 a.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon, and all stations below Surbiton, inclusive, for Southampton, Portsmouth (for Ryde), Gosport, Salisbury, &c. First, second, and third-class ordinary tickets will be issued by this train to and from all stations at which it calls.

For particulars of cheap fares, &c., see handbills, to be obtained at any of the South Western Company's stations, London offices, and receiving houses, or by post from the offices of the General Manager, Waterloo Station.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

All EXPRESS ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS (where such are issued) for distances above 10 miles, issued on TUESDAY, 22nd DECEMBER, and nine following days, will be available for the RETURN JOURNEY up to and including 31st DECEMBER. This arrangement also applies to tickets issued between London and Beckenham Junction, but not to the cheap tickets issued between London and Gravesend.

Extra trains on 24th DECEMBER to nearly all parts as may be required. CHRISTMAS DAY, 25th DECEMBER—Extra trains will run as required, but the ordinary service will be as on Sundays, with the exception of the Mail trains from London to Dover and vice versa, which will run as on Weeks days.

BANK HOLIDAY and BOXING DAY, 26th DECEMBER.—Late trains as under:—From Charing Cross 12.00 midnight to Croydon, Red Hill, Reigate Stations to Dorking, including the Caterham Branch (1, 2, 3 Class to Croydon, and 1, 2 Class only to other Stations). From Charing Cross to Gravesend at 12.55 midnight, calling at London Bridge, Woolwich, Abbey Wood, Belvedere, Erith, Dartford, Greenwich, Northfleet (1, 2, 3 Class).

On SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, and every week night until further notice, a late train will leave Charing Cross for Deptford and Greenwich at 12.00 midnight.

JOHN SHAW,
Manager and Secretary.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS (with certain exceptions) issued at any station on the Great Western Railway, on TUESDAY, December 22, and following days will be AVAILABLE up to THURSDAY, December 31, inclusive.

On the same days third class return tickets, at cheap fares, will be issued by certain trains from Paddington, Victoria, Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington (Addison-road), Uxbridge-road, and Westbourne Park to Exeter, Plymouth, South Molton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, and Portland, and vice versa, available to return as above. N.B.—These tickets can be obtained at the stations or at the Company's Receiving Offices, 245, Holborn; 39, Charing-cross; 5, Arthur-street, London Bridge; and 1, Crown-buildings, Queen Victoria-street.

With the view of meeting the convenience of passengers for the West of England, arrangements have been made, by the permission of the Postmaster-General, for extra carriages to be attached to the 9.0 p.m. Limited Mail Train from Paddington on Thursday (Christmas Eve), 24th inst.

First and Second Class Passengers can obtain Tickets for Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and stations beyond, available for this train, on WEDNESDAY 23rd inst., and up to the time of departure on Thursday evening.

On CHRISTMAS EVE, December 24th, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class) will leave Paddington at 10.00 p.m. for Plymouth, calling at Reading 11.00 p.m., Didcot 11.27 p.m., Swindon 12.5 a.m., Bath 1.5 a.m., Bristol 1.30 a.m., Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter about 4.20 a.m., Teignmouth and Newtown, and arrive at Plymouth at about 6.10 a.m.

Passengers can be booked to and from the intermediate stations at which this train calls, and the cheap third-class return tickets between London and Exeter and Plymouth will be available.

On CHRISTMAS DAY the ORDINARY TRAINS will run as on Sundays. For further particulars see handbills. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.

On Boxing-night, Saturday, Dec. 26, will be produced the Christmas Grand Comic Pantomime, entitled ALADDIN; or, THE WONDERFUL LAMP, in which the celebrated Vokes family will make their re-appearance in England. Preceded by the Operetta Bouffe, "TEN OF 'EM." Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7.—Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday next.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.

THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosenkrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pancefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMILTON.—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now

PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.

—LEGITIMATE ATTRACTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS, will be repeated every evening, in consequence of its increasing success. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.

—Solo Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victoren Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston, Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Grand Operatic Success.—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.

—At 7.30, UP IN THE WORLD. At 8.20 Lecocq's Great Opera, GIROFLE-GIROFLA. Mesdames Manetti, Everard, and Messrs. Henry Nordblom, J. Murray, and E. Rosenthal. The Great Dorst Family of French Pantomimists. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Private Boxes and Fauteuils at all the Libraries.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

—At a quarter before Seven, Gorgeous New Pantomime, THE BLACK STATUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND THE MAGIC APPLE TREE. Mrs. S. Lane and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Mdles. J. Summers, Polly Randall, L. Rayner, Fanny Lupino; Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Holland, Bell. The Great LUPINO TROUPE (10 in number), with a JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE. Picturesque Drama, THE RED MAN'S RIFLE.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. FRANCIS FAIRIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their first appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime Bouffe (by H. B. Farnie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (especially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney, Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine, Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloons, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maltby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queen"). Full band and chorus of 60. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Misses Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Thérèse de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday (Boxing Day).

MISS KATE SANTLEY as DICK WHITTINGTON, ROYAL ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Every Evening.

OPERA COMIQUE.—IXION RE-WHEEL'D,

by F. C. Burnand, EVERY EVENING at 8.50. Preceded, at 7, by H. J. Byron's Comedy, WAR TO THE KNIFE. Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Buxton, Berend, Bella Goodall, E. Pitt, Vokins, Stuart, Daly, Beverley, Hatherley, and Pattie Laverne, &c.; Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, H. Farrell, R. Temple, Sullivan, Harry Crouch, E. Garden, and Melburne. GASTON MURRAY, Acting Manager.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE. HARLEQUIN ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY. Brilliant Pantomime. Every evening at 7. Morning performances, Boxing Day, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, December 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, and January 2nd, and every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Sole Responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND, the People's Caterer. THURSDAY next, CHRISTMAS EVE (Grand Pantomime), by Frank Green, THE FORTY THIEVES AND THE COURT BARBER; or, Harlequin and the Five Tiny Pigs, the Sad Little Pigs, and the Fairies of the Laburnum Lake.

SURREY THEATRE.—Pantomime surpassing even the great triumph of last year. Scenery painted by Grieve and Sons. Grand Ballets by L. Espinoza. Prices of admission from Sixpence to Three Guineas. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7.

SURREY THEATRE.—W. B. FAIR, H. Nicholls, Fred. Shepherd, W. Stacey, Brothers Elliott,

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NEXT WEEK'S ARRANGEMENTS.—Monday to Saturday, December 28th, 1874, to January 2nd, 1875. CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES DAILY. New Spectacular Pantomime, CINDERELLA; or Harlequin and the Little Glass Slipper, The Magic Pumpkin, and the Butterflies' Ball and Grasshoppers' Feast. Written specially for the Crystal Palace by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. Scenery by Mr. F. Fenton, Mr. H. Emden, and Assistants. The Transformation Scene, A FAIRY'S WEDDING, by Mr. Charles Brew. Ballet arranged by M. Espinosa. Dresses by Mr. and Mrs. Hinchcombe. Masks by Dykyns. Properties by Mr. Lightfoot. Animals' Heads and Entomological Devices by Mr. F. W. Wilson. The Comic Scenes written by Mr. Harry Payne. The Music arranged and composed by Mr. Oscar Barrett. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. T. H. Friend, the Company's Stage Manager. Scenery in the Pantomime: THE ABBEY OF MUSIC, BALLET, BUTTERFLIES' BALL AND GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST, HALL IN BARON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN IN BARON'S HOUSE, FAIRY SCENE, THE VALLEY OF PRIMROSES, CORRIDOR OF THE PALACE, BALL ROOM IN THE PALACE, EXTERIOR OF BARON'S HOUSE. The characters in the opening sustained by Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Emmeline Cole, Mrs. Ayresley Cook; Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred Payne, and other Artistes. The Harlequinade sustained by Mr. Harry Payne (Clown), Mr. Fred Payne (Harlequin), the Misses Elliott and Mlle. Esta (Columbines). PRELIMINARY ENTERTAINMENT, every day at 12.30, comprising Beni-Zoung-Zoung Arabs, Comic Ballets, Punch and Judy, &c. Great Christmas Tree, 80 feet in height. Fancy Fair, the whole length of the building, for sale of all kinds of Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts. The whole building gaily decorated, and comfortably warmed and lighted. The Centre Transept enclosed.—Numbered Stalls at Entertainments, Half-a-Crown, may be booked in advance. Admission to Palace—Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

NOTICE.

J. C. CORDING & Co., WATERPROOFERS
(ESTABLISHED 1839),

HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR,

TO 19, PICCADILLY, CORNER OF AIR STREET.

CAUTION.

THEY HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE.

ORIGINAL MAKER OF THE

**VENTILATED COATS,
THE IDSTONE BOOTS**

(Registered), and other specialties.

From Field, Jan. 30.—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been too long before the public to fail in that respect."

19, PICCADILLY (corner of Air Street).

FOR ALL SPORTING BOOTS

APPLY TO

**FAGG BROTHERS,
29, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.**

In their Boots Corns and Bunions cannot exist.

See quotations from daily letters to Fagg Brothers, Bootmakers,

29, Haymarket, London.

I enclose cheque for your bill, and must ask you to keep the lasts which were used in making these boots, which fit to perfection. I have suffered so much that I cannot resist thanking you for the comfort I derive from your skill and attention.—J. T., April 23, 1874."

OLD GLENLIVAT WHISKY.

THE FINEST WHISKY THAT SCOTLAND PRODUCES.

19s. per GALLON.

42s. per Dozen, Bottles and Cases included.

Two and 3 dozen cases, and 4 to 6 gallon jars, carriage paid to any railway station in England. Jars charged 1s. 2d. per gallon; allowed for when returned.

**GEO. BALLANTINE & SON,
WINE MERCHANTS,
100, UNION-STREET, GLASGOW.**

WINES WITHOUT PLASTER.
The PURE WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited),
22, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

SUPPLY THE WINES of Spain and Portugal, guaranteed free from Plaster and its effects.

SHERRIES. Strength. Price

Natural Wines, free from plaster under 26 p. ct. ... 30s. to 36s.

The finest old Wines shipped, ditto 30 to 35 p. ct. ... 40s. to 75s.

RED WINES. Strength. Price

Consumo (Portuguese Claret), from Oporto under 26 p. ct. ... 24s.

Collares (Portuguese Claret), from Lisbon Ditto ... 26s.

Fine Alto Douro Ports 28 to 32 p. ct. ... 30s. to 40s.

* The only House where unglazed Sherries can be obtained.

A. FURTWANGLER, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
165A, STRAND.

A GREAT SELECTION OF FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND GERMAN JEWELLERY.

Gold Watches from £3 3s. to £40.

Silver Watches from £2 2s. to £10 10s.

A Great Assortment of Clocks and Timepieces.

**THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON : SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

The Drama.

ALTHOUGH nine of the west-central theatres make no change for Christmas, their current programmes increasing rather than diminishing in attractiveness, the holiday entertainments are sufficiently abundant, and pantomimes are more numerous than for some few years, as will be seen from the rather formidable list to be added presently, and to which we must confine ourselves for the present, owing to our being obliged to go to press so early this week, Christmas Day falling on our usual day of publication. Besides the abrupt termination of the season at the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday last week, the special preparations for the Christmas entertainments involved the closing of several of the theatres last week. The last performance at Drury Lane took place on Friday, that and the previous evenings of the week being devoted to benefits—on Monday for that of Mr. James Anderson, who for the first time appeared as 'Falstaff,' in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Creswick appeared as 'Hamlet' for his benefit on Tuesday, and was assisted by Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, who appeared as 'Ruy Gomez' and the 'Duchess de Torreneuve,' in Planché's one-act comedy of *Faint Heart never won Fair Lady*. Miss Wallis selected, for the second time, for her benefit on Wednesday *Romeo and Juliet*, and impersonated 'Juliet'; and on Thursday *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* were repeated, for the benefit of Mr. Stride, of the box-office. Four other houses also closed on Saturday—the Princess's until Wednesday, for the production, in anticipation of boxing-night, of the pantomime, *Beauty and the Beast*, preceded by a resumption of *Lost in London*; the Adelphi until Thursday, for the first performance, also in anticipation, of the pantomime, *The Children in the Wood*, in conjunction with the sensational drama of *The Prayer in the Storm*. The Globe till Thursday, for the first appearance there of Miss Lydia Thompson and her company from the Charing

Cross Theatre, with several additions, including Miss Rachel Sanger, Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Julia Vokins, &c., to resume their performance of *Blue Beard*, preceded by the comedietta, *A Pretty Piece of Business*. Some additions have been made to the burlesque *Blue Beard*, comprising a pantomime ending, in which Miss Lydia Thompson appears as columbine, Mr. Edouin as clown, and Mr. Brough as the comic policeman; and two tableaux vivants, one representing "The Roll Call" (after Miss Thompson's celebrated picture), and the other "Una" (from Spencer's "Faerie Queen"); and the Vandeville until to-night, when the old programme of *The Two Roses* and the revived burlesque of *Romulus and Remus* will be continued.

At the Gaiety the amusing dream-comedy *Oil and Vinegar*, and *La Fille de Madame Angot*, were represented for the last time on Friday, and at the matinée on Saturday *Girofle-Girofla*, was again represented for the fourth and last time by the Philharmonic Company. Miss Manetta making her first appearance here, as the 'Twin Sisters,' in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Julia Matthews, and Mr. Rosenthal having sufficiently recovered from his serious illness, resuming his part of 'Mourzouk.' In the evening, the long promised revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* which had been postponed last Easter, owing to the illness of Mr. Phelps, took place and with signal success. Indeed such a result was almost a foregone conclusion from the unprecedentedly strong cast, including Mr. Phelps as 'Falstaff'; Mr. Hermann Vezin, as 'Ford'; Mr. Belford, as 'Page'; Mr. Forbes Robertson, as 'Fenton'; Mr. H. Cecil, as 'Dr. Caius'; Mr. Righton, as 'Sir Hugh Evans'; Mr. Maclean, as 'Justice Shallow'; Mr. Taylor, as 'Master Slender'; Mr. Soutar, as 'Pistol'; Mrs. John Wood, as 'Mrs. Page'; Miss Rose Leclercq, as 'Mrs. Ford'; and Miss Furtado, as sweet 'Anne Page.' The revival attracted a crowded and brilliant audience and is likely to do so for a brief period. On the same evening Mr. Hollingshead opened the Holborn Amphitheatre, as a cheap-priced theatre for the performances of light comic opera and extravaganza, with Miss Constance Losely, Miss Katrine Munroe, Messrs. E. Coote, Ledridge, and Charles Lyall and other members of his Gaiety company not required for the Shakespearean representations at that house in addition to other artistes including Miss Rose Lee, Mr. John L. Hall (late of the St. James's), Mr. W. Forrester, Mr. John D'Auban, &c. Extensive and judicious alterations have been made in the spacious auditorium. The space formerly occupied by the ring and promenade is now converted into an enormous pit, most comfortably arranged, and with separate and stuffed seats. Between this and the roomy orchestra stalls, are several rows of central stalls. Over the balcony, dress circle, and private boxes, the entire space running round the building up to the proscenium, is appropriated as one vast sixpenny gallery, affording an uninterrupted view of the stage from every position. For the additional convenience of visitors to the stalls and balcony, there are smoking and lounging saloons.

Mr. Hollingshead is earliest in the field with a Christmas entertainment, with which he inaugurated his new enterprise, this comprised the celebrated comic opera by Rophina Lacy, entitled *Cinderella; or, the Fairy Queen and the Glass Slipper*, with a new Christmas pantomime ending appended thereto. The music by Rossini, with additions from Donizetti, Bellini, &c. Although the incidents and scenes of Lacy's opera, *Cinderella* (an English adaptation of *La Cenerentola*), in which Miss Paton (Mrs. Wood) was once so celebrated, are closely followed; there is more of the comic element and bouffé business appropriately introduced into the present version, which, together with its brief, but very brisk and lively pantomime ending, seemed to afford infinite delight to the densely crowded audience of the pit and gallery, and ample amusement to the occupants of the other parts of the house.

Miss Lydia Thompson and her company having terminated their engagement at the Charing Cross Theatre and removed to the Globe, the last performance of *Clever Sir Jacob and Blue Beard* at the former took place on Tuesday, but Mr. Field lost no time in providing attractions in their place for his theatre. On the following evening Miss Carry Nelson (one of the sisters Nelson formerly of the Adelphi Theatre) and her company, who have for some time been very successful in the provinces, commenced an engagement of twelve nights and appeared in the successful extravaganza of *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, Miss Carry Nelson personating the hero. This was supplemented by the two popular farces of the *The Laughing Hyena*, in which Edith Lynd appeared as 'Popsey,' and *The Secret*. At the termination of Miss Nelson's engagement Miss Ada Cavendish returns to London and appears for the first time at this theatre on Saturday the 9th of January, in her famous impersonation of 'Merry Merrick,' in Wilkie Collins's play of *The New Magdalen*.

The other houses have continued their performances uninterrupted, and the programmes unchanged for the holidays are as follows:—*Hamlet* at the Lyceum. *Our American Cousin*, with Mr. Sothern as 'Dundreary,' and *The Loan of a Lover*, with Miss Minnie Walton as 'Gertrude,' at the Haymarket. *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic. *Old Sailors* and *Loo* at the Strand. *Sweethearts and Society* at the Prince of Wales's. *Byron's War to the Knife* and *Ixion Re-wheel'd* at the Opera Comique. *Peacock's Holiday* and *Brighton* at the Court. *Prés St. Gervais* at the Criterion, and *Girofle-Girofla* at the Philharmonic, where Miss Manetta now succeeds Miss Julia Matthews as the 'Twin Sisters,' and Mr. Nordblom the tenor and the great Dorsts family of French pantomimists make their appearance this evening.

The second series of dramatic performances at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and which have been even more successful than the previous one, terminated on Tuesday last, with a representation of Lord Lytton's play of *The Lady of Lyons*, with Miss Madge Robertson as 'Pauline,' and Mr. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte'; and an extra performance took place for the benefit of Mr. Charles Wyndham, on Thursday, when Shakespeare's *As You Like It* was represented for the first time at the Crystal Palace, and with a remarkably strong cast, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Miss Madge Robertson) as 'Rosalind' and 'Orlando,' Miss Carlisle as 'Celia,' Mrs. Chippendale as 'Audrey,' Miss Annie Goodall as 'Amiens,' in lieu of Mr. Nordblom, unable to attend, Mr. W. Rignold as the banished 'Duke,' Mr. Lionel Brough as 'Le Beau,' Mr. Howe, of the Haymarket, as the melancholy 'Jacques,' and Messrs. Righton, W. H. Vernon, W. H. Stephens, Charles Sugden, H. R. Teesdale, W. J. Hill and R. Cathcart in the other characters.

Of the long list of Christmas entertainments, Mr. Hollingshead, as already mentioned, was first in the field with *Cinderella*, with which he inaugurates his régime at the Holborn Amphitheatre, on Saturday evening, anticipating boxing-night by just a week. Next followed the pantomime written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and produced at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday—and nature of which may be inferred from the rather long title of *Cinderella, or Harlequin and the Little Glass Slipper, the Magic Pumpkin, the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshoppers' Feast*; the leading characters are sustained by the Payne family, and Miss Caroline Parkes. The Princess's pantomime, produced on Wednesday evening, is entitled *Beauty and the Beast*, and is performed in conjunction with the sensational drama of *Lost in London*. At the Adelphi the Christmas pantomime, founded on the nursery tale of the *Children in the Wood*, and in the opening of which the leading parts are filled by Miss Hudspeth, Miss E. Stuart, Miss S. Hodson, Miss Amalia, Little Katie Logan, Mr.

J. Fawn, Mr. Calhaem, &c., was brought out on Thursday evening—preceded by *The Prayer in the Storm*.

The other pantomimes, reserved for the traditional boxing-night, this evening are as follows:—Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who for a quarter of a century has provided the holiday entertainment at Drury Lane, again furnishes the pantomime this year to Old Drury, under the title of *Aladdin, or Harlequin and the Wonderful Lamp*, in which the celebrated Vokes family make their first re-appearance since their return from America. As usual here, the harlequinade will be supported by a double pantomimic quartette. Covent Garden again, for the pantomimic season, for the second time under the management of Mr. C. Rice, who produces *The Babes in the Wood, or Harlequin and the Big Bed of Ware*, with grand spectacular effects and elaborate musical attractions, for the latter of which Mddles. Annie Goodall, Catherine Lewis, "Bossi," Rebecca Isaacs, Messrs. Welford, Morgan, Gould, Wainwright and other vocalists, are specially engaged. Mr. Guiver produces a pantomime at the Holborn, entitled *Sinbad the Sailor, or Harlequin, the Old Man of the Sea, the Roe and the Lilliputians of the Island of Opera Bouffe*, in which Miss Maggie Brennan will represent the adventurous hero, Sinbad. Mr. Holland's pantomime at the Surrey, is founded by Mr. Frank W. Green, on the old story of *The Forty Thieves and the Court Barber*, and will be supported by the Payne family. Messrs. Sanger produce at Astleys an equestrian pantomime and spectacle, entitled *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, or Harlequin and the Forty Thieves, and the Flying Horses of Lambeth*, and a juvenile spectacle, entitled *Little Red Riding Hood*, will form the special holiday feature at Hengler's Grand Cirque in addition to the usual equestrian and other attractive performances. *Robinson Crusoe* forms the subject of the pantomime at the National Standard, *Jack and Jill; or, Harlequin Robin Hood and the Lady of the Castle*, by Messrs. Arthur Clements and Robert Soutar, that of the Victoria; *Little Boy Blue, come Blow your Horn*, that of the Marylebone; and as usual, the Grecian, Britannia, the Pavilion, East London, Elephant and Castle, and other outlying theatres, provide pantomimes for their respective patrons. At the Alhambra *Le Roi Carotte* gives place to a grand opéra-bouffe Feerie, especially composed for this theatre by Offenbach, and written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, to be produced this evening under the title of *Whittington*; for the leading rôle, in which Miss Julia Matthews is engaged, and if sufficiently recovered from her severe illness, will make her first appearance here as 'Alice.' Miss Kate Santley who is re-engaged, will make her reappearance in it, and Mddle. Pittier will reappear in the incidental grand ballet. The Agricultural Hall at Islington will be occupied during the holidays by a grand Christmas Fair—similar to last year, but on a more extended and elaborate scale, all being under the management of Mr. John Reece.

Mr. Baum opens Cremorne Gardens for grand fêtes to-day and Monday. A variety of amusements will be provided, including two bands for dances, bicycle racing, Christmas tree, fireworks, &c. To-day will be roasting in its entirety the Prince of Wales's triple prize heifer, and on Monday it will be distributed to the poor.

At the Polytechnic the leading feature of the Christmas entertainments will be a new operatic incongruity, written by Dr. Croft, the managing director, and on a similar plan to his *Zitella*, so popular here recently, and entitled *The Mystic Scroll; or, the Story of Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves*, from a highly educational and scientific point of view.

PRESENTATION TO MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN concluded his farewell engagement at the Theatre Royal on Saturday afternoon prior to his departure for America, and the occasion was availed of by the citizens to present him with an address and suitable gift, in testimony to his personal and professional worth, and in memory of his connection with this city. There was a crowded house, and the performance was, perhaps, the most successful of the season. The play was *Hamlet*, in which, as the philosophic Dane, Mr. Barry Sullivan excels, as all his admirers know, more than in any other of his numerous masterly delineations of Shakespeare's characters. On this occasion, although not in good health, he was supremely happy in his personation of 'the prince.' The perennial freshness, vigour, and delicacy of his reading and acting in the part gave rare pleasure to the audience, and the curtain fell amid such thunders of applause as have seldom made the theatre ring. When this ebullition had somewhat subsided, the curtain was again raised, and the great actor came on, still attired as *Hamlet*, his appearance eliciting renewed cheering. He was followed by the Mayor and a deputation of citizens.

The Mayor at once read and presented the following address, every passage of which was endorsed by the audience:—

TO BARRY SULLIVAN.

"DEAR SIR,—On the occasion of your approaching departure for the New World, it seems natural that the citizens of Cork should express something of the feeling with which they have observed your character and marked your career.

"It is not an idle boast to say that Cork can point in her annals to a long roll of names illustrious in literature, in science, and in art, and it is a source of deep gratification to us that your brilliant course adds yet another name which can enhance our civic pride, and rank worthily with those we esteem highest. We may be pardoned if we feel that our city derives some reflected glory from those gifts of a son of hers, which have been the object of admiration wherever the English language is spoken.

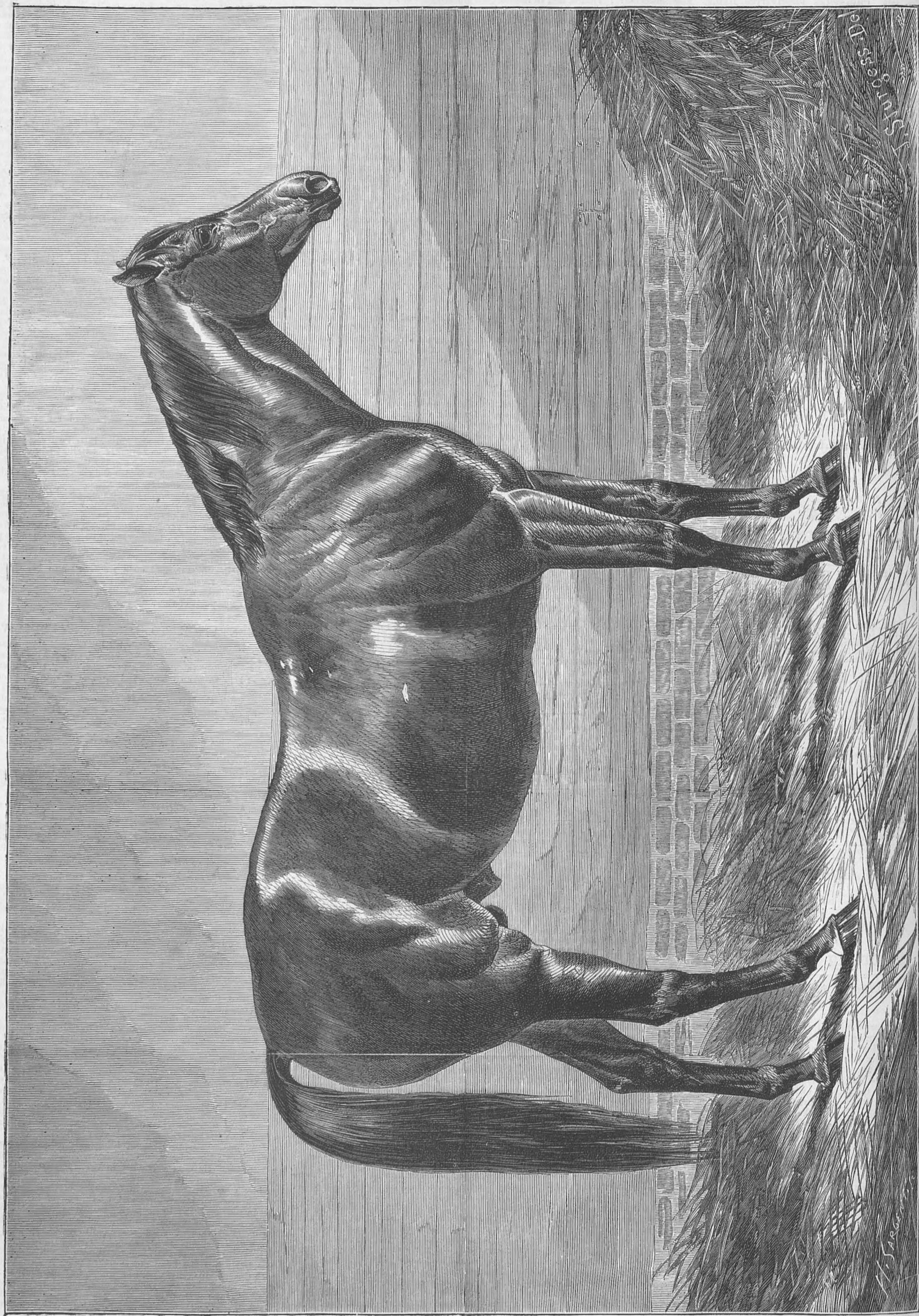
"In you, sir, the drama has found a great exponent. The most magnificent conceptions to which the mind of the King of Dramatists has given birth, have received new beauty by your illustration, while the splendid versatility of your powers is exhibited in your equally successful interpretation of the most different authors and of the widest range of characters. In you the stage has found an artist with a high appreciation of the functions and mission of his art, with a readiness to make sacrifice to uphold its dignity, and with too rare scorn for all that is tricky and meretricious in its pursuit. In you, sir, in fine, we recognise a fellow-citizen, the lustre of whose genius is rendered brighter by the integrity and manliness of his character.

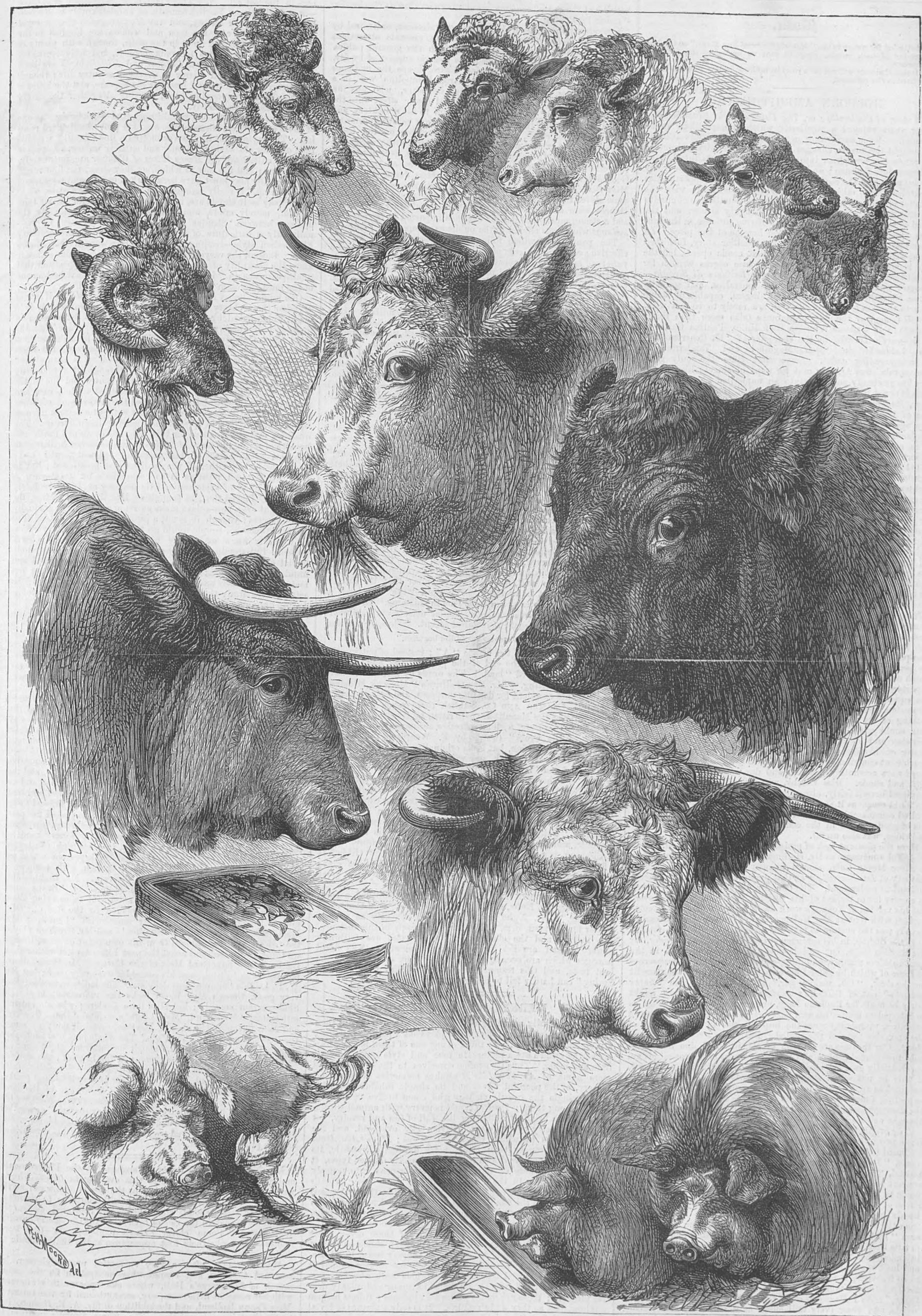
"Proud, as we justly are, of being able to claim a common citizenship with you, we offer to-day a simple tribute of our admiration. Its only value lies in the sincerity of the feeling it attests. Accept it, dear sir, as a slight memorial offered to you by your fellow-citizens, in testimony of their appreciation of your personal benevolence and worth, and of the pride they feel in your genius and your fame." We remain, &c., &c."

The testimonial which accompanied the address consisted of a two-handled vase of solid silver, gilt inside, in the Louis Quatorze style, and richly chased; resting upon a splendid Shrewsbury salver of the same metal, also beautifully wrought. The latter had the following engraved upon it:—"Presented, with the accompanying vase, as a tribute to Barry Sullivan, from the citizens of Cork, who are proud of his genius and his fame."

After a brief reply from Mr. Barry Sullivan the curtain finally fell amid loud and prolonged cheering.—Abridged from the *Cork Examiner*, Dec. 14.

[We regret to be obliged to hold over till next week a memoir of this distinguished actor.—Ed. I. S. & D. N.]





PRIZE WINNERS AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.

The story of *Cinderella*; or, *The Fairy and the Glass Slipper*, has for years enjoyed a popularity which appears likely to be perennial. Each succeeding generation of youngsters beholds with delight the magic changes worked by the fairy godmother who transmutes pumpkins into gilded chariots, rats into horses, and lizards into footmen; and the grown up children, while really reviving with glee the recollections of infancy, find opportunities for extolling the ethics of a story which complies with the requisites of poetical justice, exhibiting the humiliation of cruelty and pride in the case of Cinderella's haughty sisters, and the reward of virtuous industry and long suffering patience in the happiness which is finally attained by the heroine of the piece. *La Cenerentola*, the Italian version of the familiar story, furnished Rossini with the subject of one of his best comic operas, but the opera is seldom played now, firstly because operas written for contralto prime donne, such as *Betty Il Barbier di Siviglia*, are found unattractive when sung by contraltos, and secondly because contralto or mezzo soprano singers, capable of doing justice to the florid music of Rossini, are rarely to be met with. We well remember the first appearance (alas more than thirty years ago!) of Madame Viardot, then Mdlle. Pauline Garcia at His Majesty's Theatre, in the character of 'La Cenerentola'; with Labbacchi in 'Don Magnifici' and Tamburini as the masquerading valet. Since that time the only great 'Cenerentola' was Alboni; and for want of singers like her the opera has gradually subsided into an unmerited obscurity, from which it is not likely to emerge unless that thorough Rossinian singer, Madame Trebelli, should revive it. The opera contains some of Rossini's most charming music; and when produced years ago in a mutilated English version, with Miss Pator as 'Cinderella,' it had a long continued success.

The announcement that Mr. Hollingshead would open the Holborn Amphitheatre with the English version of *La Cenerentola*, excited no little interest, and the opening performance, given on Saturday last, attracted a crowded audience. If applause, laughter, encores, and recalls may be taken as indications of success, the performance of *Cinderella* at the Holborn Amphitheatre must be pronounced one of the greatest of recent successes. The gallery folks applauded with their hands and feet; shouted "bravo!" and "angore!" until they were hoarse; and then sought relief for their inexpressible ruptures by putting their fingers in their mouths and whistling frantically—while from pit and boxes frequent and hearty applause was liberally bestowed. The enthusiasm which almost invariably gushes forth on "first nights" is not, however, an infallible evidence of merit, and it is our duty to point out not only the satisfactory but also the unsatisfactory features which characterised the performance.

To speak first of those points which call for praise; it must be acknowledged that unexpected excellence was exhibited in one most important department. The orchestra is one of the best that has been gathered together in any London theatre for a long time past. A highly satisfactory taste of its quality was given in the performance of the well-known overture to *La Cenerentola*, which could hardly have been better played. In the still more important task of accompanying the vocal music the orchestra was equally successful; and the graceful embroidery of instrumentation, with which Rossini has enriched his work, lost nothing of its charm. A better conductor than Herr Meyer Lutz could with difficulty be found. Himself an accomplished musician and clever composer, he proved himself a thorough master of his duties, and under his skilful conducting every instrument contributed its proper share to the general effect, the *tempo* were accurately marked, and due attention was given to light and shade. Miss Loseby, who essayed the title-character, acquitted herself fairly, although not equal to the task of singing the florid music as it should be sung; Miss Kathleen Monroe exhibited considerable fluency of execution, Mr. Cotte's tenor voice was of good service in the concerted music, and the basso, Mr. Ledwith, was also useful.

Here the pleasant task of praising comes to a conclusion. That so skilful a manager as Mr. Hollingshead, and so sound a musician as Herr Meyer Lutz, should identify themselves with such a travesty of *La Cenerentola* as that presented last Saturday, seems difficult to understand. The late Mr. Rophino Lacy had much to answer for in respect of his English version of foreign operas, but his version of Rossini's work was a marvel of fidelity in comparison with that at the Holborn Amphitheatre. In his earlier days it was the custom to take all sorts of liberties with foreign works. Bishop, in his arrangement of *Il Barbier di Siviglia*, for the English stage, cut and hacked that charming work in the most ruthless manner, and interpolated airs by other composers—to some of which he affixed his own name. Thus he took credit for the duet, "Oh, maiden fair," which is simply the "Saper bramate" out of Paisiello's *Barbiere*. Some allowance might fairly be made for Rophino Lacy, and even had he gone so far as to interpolate four of his own hazy verses into one of Shakespeare's comedies, we might excuse the impertinence in consideration of the execrable taste of the period. But, *nous avons changé tout cela!* Our theatres are temples of art, in which due homage is paid to departed genius, and the great works of master-minds are reverentially guarded against sacrilegious mutilation. At least, if this be not so, it should be, and when *Cinderella* was announced as an "Opera, music by Rossini," we were justified in expecting a more conscientious adherence to Rossini's score than the management of the Holborn Amphitheatre appears to have thought necessary.

The original opera contains two solos for *Cinderella*, which have preserved their popularity to the present day, and were included in the English version sung by Miss Paton. The first of these, "Di piacer," was entirely omitted on Saturday last. The second, "Non pia mesta," still a popular song with contralto concert singers, was also omitted, although it forms a brilliant finale to the opera; and a ludicrous substitute was offered, in the shape of a finale chorus sung to the tune of the last movement of Rossini's overture to "Guillaume Tell." The "Tyrolienne" from the same opera was also interpolated, and from *Tancredi* the aria "Di tanti palpiti" was taken, and turned into a duet! It is true that these melodies were written by Rossini, but he never intended that they should be introduced into *La Cenerentola*, and least of all could he suppose that they would ever be travestied in so inartistic a manner. Equally bad taste was shown in the interpolation of music by other composers. The aria "T'amo, t'amo," from *I Montecchi ed I Capuletti*, was fitted with English words, and sung (very well sung) as a ballad by Miss Loseby. The "Polacca" from *I Puritani*, mutilated to fit the vocal powers of Miss Monroe, was also introduced. Surely, if there were room for these two songs, there was room for Rossini's "Di piacer" and "Non pia mesta," always supposing that the performers were able to execute the music. If they were not, it would have been

better had the opera been announced otherwise than as *Cinderella*, "music by Rossini."

Considered simply as a dramatic entertainment, enlivened by music, the Holborn version of *Cinderella* presents attractions which are likely to render it popular with the general public. Besides the artists already named, the piece is supported by Mr. Charles Lyall, who, as the servant 'Pedro,' keeps the audience in a roar; Mr. J. L. Hall, whose 'Baron Pompolino' was, in a dramatic sense, admirable, and Mr. Forrester, who was an efficient 'Danino.' Mr. Hall infused real comic effect into the song in which the 'Baron' tells his dream to his daughters, and joined Mr. Forrester in the duet "Sir, a secret most important." Both these gentleman, however, were inaudible on the lower notes—a defect which was largely atoned for by the admirable manner in which the charming accompaniments were played by the orchestra. Miss Cavalier gave her words, as the 'Fairy Godmother,' with laudable distinctness, Miss Jenny Pratt and Miss Rose Lee were *Cinderella's* sisters. In the ballroom scene some clever transformation dancing was introduced by Miss Sims. Dances were also given by Mr. D'Auban and other performers, and a strong music-hall flavour was thus imparted to the singular *mélange* which was offered to the public as an opera by Rossini.

The pantomime which followed the opera was short, but effective; containing plenty of well executed comic business, and a variety of astonishing acrobatic feats. The theatre has been made comfortable throughout, and pit seats are provided at one shilling each. At such prices the Holborn Amphitheatre is likely to become a powerful rival to the music-halls, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hollingshead may meet with success in his endeavours to provide cheap musical entertainment for the million. It is to be hoped that he will hereafter show a livelier faith in the appreciative powers of the masses, and will not be afraid to offer them good music, unmutilated and unadulterated. Plenty of comic operas by Rossini, Donizetti, Auber, Adam, and other composers, are available. Let these be presented in their integrity—the music-hall business being reserved till the end of the evening—and not only the general public, but large numbers of musical amateurs, will become frequent visitors to the Holborn Amphitheatre.

Monthly Musical Review.

MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO. publish "The Distant Shore," words by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan. A pathetic story is told in graceful rhyme by Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Sullivan's setting of the words is highly effective. "Thou art weary" is also by Mr. Sullivan, and was sung successfully by Miss Sterling at a recent Monday Popular Concert. The words by Miss Adelaide Proctor are full of pathos. Mr. Sullivan's music is unambitious, but develops the interest attached to the words; and the lullaby at the end of each verse will recommend it to amateurs. "Gethsemane" is a setting of Mrs. Herman's poem by Mr. R. F. Harvey. It is easy to sing, and is likely to prove acceptable to amateurs in search of a semi-devotional song. Mr. Harvey would do well, however, to remember that the definite article should not be accented. The word "the" is placed at the beginning of no less than three bars in this song. In "There is a land," by the same composer, similar defects are exhibited; and he seems to disregard rhythmical accent. Thus, in the line,

"A land where no brief bliss beguiles."

he places the accent on the article "A"; instead of putting this unimportant word at the end of the previous bar, and throwing the accent on the word "land." The words by Mr. S. K. Cowan deserve better setting. Mr. Dan Godfrey's "Mohawk Minstrel" Quadrilles are excellent for dancing purposes, and easy to play.

MESSRS. CRAMER AND CO. publish three songs by Odoardo Barri. "Over the Moonlit Sea" (written by Gordon Campbell), is a well written song, with an effective accompaniment. "The Shadow of the Cross" (words by F. Weatherby) is a more pretentious composition, but lacks originality. "Love Finds the Way," is simple and pretty, and will be welcomed by amateurs. "Summer Land" is a duet by the same composer. The words, by F. E. Weatherby, are commonplace, and the music equally so. "Good Night, Sweet Babe," composed by Agnes Windham, is a simple lullaby song. "La Espanola," a pianoforte caprice by F. Berger, is full of character, the peculiar rhythm of Spanish national music being well preserved. It is brilliant, yet not difficult. "Fairyland," by the same composer, is an elegant bagatelle, and is also a good arpeggio étude. "Il Furore," by J. F. Simpson, is a sparkling and well-written galop. "Hilda" is a Berceuse for the pianoforte, by Charles Salaman; full of grace and sentiment, and worthy the composer, which is saying a great deal for it.

MESSRS. ASHDOWN AND PARRY have just published a transcription, by Mr. Kuhe, of Sir Julius Benedict's "Bird that came in Spring." Mr. Kuhe has long enjoyed celebrity as a transcriber for the pianoforte, and he has been happy in this instance. The melody and the character of the original are faithfully preserved, and are set in an elegant framework. The florid passages which are occasionally introduced are conceived in the best taste, and this transcription of "The Bird that came in Spring" can hardly fail to become popular with amateurs.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THERE is hardly anything in Shakespeare more wonderful than the way in which each of his greater plays has a perfectly distinct atmosphere of its own. To think of any one of them is to call up before the mind's eye a picture in tone and style quite different from any other. Thus (to confine ourselves to the comedies) the mere name of *As You Like It* awakes memories of woodland scenery, of the peaceful forest and its simple inhabitants, with whom mingle the courtly visitors who come to live awhile disguised among them; *Twelfth Night* is merry with animal spirits, charged with bright, overflowing life, full of fun and revelry, yet raised to poetry by the clear, Illyrian sky overhead, and the stately gardens in which the action passes; *Much Ado About Nothing* is stronger than these, more distinctly dramatic, its comedy characters are drawn from more broadly defined types, it begins with sounds of war, and almost deepens into tragedy towards the end. In the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we reach the regions of pure fairytale—though regions widely differing, the one Greek in its higher and perhaps in its lower types of character, the other in the deep warm Gothic note, rich with the loveliness and quaintness of the inmost woods.

And the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, one of those seven great comedies of which all are perhaps equally great, shows us a quiet sunny summer afternoon, in an English country town, in Shakespeare's own days. There is no plot, only one or two humorous stories lightly tacked together; the people walk about easily; they have plenty of time for all their business, and plenty over for pleasure; there are no set places for applause; things happen anyhow, just as they do in real life. It is only a picture of jovial country society, with neighbours quarrelling, young people making love, practical jokers making fun, and their victims retaliating; all as everyday as Dickens—but how far truer and less forced!—and all saved from commonness, partly by the "natural magic" of Shakespeare's style, partly by the poetry of scene and surround-

ings in the last act. The whole play is so thoroughly in keeping—it is distinctly an English comedy, as unmistakeably as *Macbeth* has a weird Scotch feeling, and the *Merchant of Venice* a royal Venetian wealth; and the men and women are English to the backbone—sensible and quiet in the main, though with plenty of pigheadedness, reverence for rank, conceit, and folly sprinkled among them. *She Stoops to Conquer* and *Middlemarch* are both akin to this wonderful mirror of everyday country life; though the former is not as big and broad as Shakspeare, and the latter is a laboured and depressing book, wanting altogether the cheery ease of Elizabethan comedy.

Not that by "ease" we would imply that Shakspeare was one of those easy writers whose works are such proverbially hard reading. The saying that he "never blotted a line" is, like a multitude of other old sayings, simply and entirely untrue. Copies of the early editions of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* are, fortunately, still extant; and the way in which, as they show, the first rough version of the play must have been worked upon, compressed, and "written up," is really astonishing; many of the finest scenes in the comedy as it stands are, in the earlier "humours" of Sir John Falstaff, merely crude, almost school-boy, funny—noticeably the dialogue between 'Slender' and 'Annie Page' (in scene i.) originally only a caricature of a cowardly boaster in the ordinary Elizabethan style—reading really more like Jonson than Shakspeare. Indeed, the varying editions of this comedy alone suffice to show the absurdity of the long since exploded supposition that Shakspeare was an "inspired barbarian"—prove that he was one of the most thorough literary artists that ever lived.

One might almost say that every part in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (how cheery and humourous the very name of it is!) ought to be played by a great actor—at all events, by an actor of distinct individuality and power. How clearly 'Page' and the host, 'Mrs. Quickly,' even 'Peter Simple' (did his name suggest that of Captain Marryat's famous novel?) stand out, not overshadowed by the leading characters—indeed, as is natural and fitting in such a play, the parts are throughout very evenly balanced, though Falstaff is of course the centre and life of the piece. The whole piece should be presented with a care and harmony like those which characterised the performance of *School at the Prince of Wales's*—a comedy not without a certain likeness to the *Merry Wives*, in spite of their glaring dissimilarities. The qualities especially needed for this play are combined finish and breadth of acting; in some of Shakespeare's comedies brilliancy of delivery, as in some of his tragedies intensity, will make up for the lack of either of the qualities just mentioned; but in this, where rapid repartee is as conspicuous by its absence as passion, solidity of style and artistic delicacy are both absolutely necessary. Played thus, to something like literal perfection, the play might even now-a-days make an immense—though gradually won—success; though it is not a piece calculated or intended to excite enthusiasm, people would go to see it over and over again, they hardly knew why—only to enjoy its broad and cheery repose. But roughly or badly acted nothing in it but its purely farcical element would please, and it would be a deserved and unmistakeable failure; the innumerable women of refinement and taste, who neither understand nor like Shakspeare, would be settled more firmly than ever in their bad opinion of that unfortunate dramatist.

The stage has not just now an actor naturally endowed with all the requisites of a perfect 'Falstaff'—though we venture to prophesy that if a young actor now playing 'Macbeth' in the provinces, Mr. John Clayton, continues his Shakspearian studies with the care and earnestness which mark everything he undertakes, he will one day make a 'Sir John' as ripe and rich as the stage ever possessed; his jovial voice, his education and manner, and his portly presence would all be invaluable in the part.

But, leaving possibilities out of the question, let us come to the cast with which the comedy was played last Saturday at the Gaiety, and let us say at once that it showed thought and capacity for the fitting of actors to parts rare in these days of managers too often either inexperienced, half-educated, or conceited enough to rely solely on themselves as attractions. Mr. Phelps, though not a born 'Falstaff,' is yet the only competent representative of the part we have at present on the London stage, and he played it soundly and well, like an educated gentleman and an artist. Mr. Phelps is a legitimate actor, in the highest and best sense of the word. Mr. Hermann Vezin is probably far and away the best 'Ford' that could have been chosen; he played the part admirably, and looked wonderfully well in his picturesque costume. Mr. Arthur Cecil (another capital selection) was very good as the 'French doctor,' and will, we think, in a few nights be better still; and Mr. Belford, one of the best Shakspearian actors we have, played 'Page' thoroughly well, though with perhaps a slight tendency to jerkiness in his delivery. Mr. Righton and Mr. Taylor had exactly right conceptions of 'Evans' and 'Slender,' but were not completely successful in carrying them out; the former was, we fancy, hampered by the dialect. Mr. Forbes Robertson was a painfully amateurish 'Fenton'; Mr. Maclean a good conventional 'Shallow'; and Mr. Gresham played the 'Host' very well indeed from his own point of view, though we think he dressed and acted the part like a tapster rather than the burly and important Host of the Garter. Mr. Soutar disappointed us as 'Pistol,' and his comrades were very poor; but Mr. W. D. Leigh's 'Simple' was delicious. The ladies were altogether very good, though Mrs. Wood lacks the refinement needed in Shakspearian comedy; but Miss Rose Leclercq was an entirely satisfactory 'Mrs. Ford,' Mrs. Leigh a capital 'Dame Quickly,' and Miss Furtado (who should, however, certainly omit her song), the sweetest possible 'Anne Page.' The whole play was admirably mounted and stage-managed, though on Saturday night some insufficiency of rehearsal was apparent in the last act; the scenery could hardly have been better, and the costumes were delightfully picturesque and varied. The fairy dance is very brisk and pretty, and the leader of the infantine *corps de ballet*, one of the most animated and energetic little dancers we ever saw. Whether the *Merry Wives of Windsor* prove a real "money success," or whether its length be an insuperable drawback in these rapid days, Mr. Hollingshead has deserved well of the public by his careful and artistic production of it.

MR. NORDBLOM, the tenor, is engaged at the Philharmonic, and makes his appearance there this evening in *Girofle-Girofia*, where Miss Manetta has appeared as the *Twin Sisters* during the illness of Miss Julia Matthews, and will continue to represent them, as Miss Matthews, when sufficiently recovered, goes to the Alhambra to sustain the rôle of 'Alice' in the Christmas novelty, *Whittington*. Some clever French pantomimists—the Dorst family—also make their first appearance at the Philharmonic tonight.

Mrs. GERMAN, after a very successful provincial tour, has returned to town, and resumes her occupation for the second season of St. George's Hall, where she appears this afternoon with her compact little company, strengthened by the return of Miss Fanny Holland, and the addition of Mr. A. E. Bishop, in a new entertainment, entitled, *The Three Tenants*, written by Mr. Gilbert-à-Beckett, the music by Mr. F. H. Cowen. After which Mr. Corney Grain will introduce a new musical fairy tale. To conclude with *Too Many by One*, one of the novelties of last season.

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All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. LEWIS.—It does and does not, if you can understand our meaning. Strictly speaking, it is a weight for age race, as it is not a handicap, and all the horses are of the same age and carry the same weight.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1874.

STANDING upon the threshold of a New Year, it is not unnatural that the retrospect of that which witnessed the birth of this journal, should be regarded as an opportunity for addressing a few words to our readers. We have no desire to be considered egotists, but the occasion seems to be a fitting one for a further exposition of the line of policy laid down by us at starting. We have been experimenting in an entirely new field of journalism, and if the stimulus of opposition has been wanting to sharpen our energies, we cannot, on the other hand, be accused of a lack of zeal in our attempt to work out the plan on which THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS was originally started. That the original "lines" of our vessel have been preserved, even under a change of ownership, is proof positive of the excellence of their design; and the public will give us due credit for having adhered to the programme by which we agreed to be judged. On the other hand suggestions for improvement in detail both forcibly and candidly urged by many friendly critics, have not been ignored; and many kindly hints have, we venture to think, been adopted and improved upon during the short period of our existence. We did not claim to have sprung full armed from the brain of any divinity, neither was our way at first plain before us, following as we did no trodden path in the province of journalism, but striking out for ourselves a fresh track of the dangers and difficulties of which no previous explorer could warn or advise us. We could furnish ourselves with no trusted pioneer, and the only compass we could have for our guide was that determination to deserve to succeed which has heretofore stood explorers in such good stead. The cawings and croakings of the few birds of ill omen which hovered round our path at first have been drowned by encouraging voices bidding us advance and prosper; and though we would refrain from shouting before the confines of the wood are cleared, we cannot help thinking that trunks and underwood are arrayed less densely before us, and that light is really breaking through the canopy of leaves above. Hitherto our way has been cut, slowly and painfully at first, latterly more hopefully and quickly, in proportion as experience from within and encouragement from without have produced their inevitable effects. Much remains to be done—of that we are well aware—but we look forward to more decisive measures of improvement, now that our first efforts have met with a more liberal and flattering recognition than we could have imagined ourselves deserving of in so short a time. We have been disappointed in the attainment of more than one pet project on the basis of which we might reasonably calculate to command a certain measure of success; and as we journey on our way we see more clearly how the scope of our intentions may be enlarged almost indefinitely, without losing sight of the original plan. Prophets were not wanting who, speaking in all sincerity and kindness of intention, predicted the speedy failure of our programme, owing to the limitations of the kingdom of Sport and Drama we had undertaken to illustrate. A month's experience dispelled our fears on that score, and the popularity of the idea to which we had given being was speedily confirmed by numerous offers of contributions and requests to be included in our staff of the best professors in their several lines of sporting and theatrical literature. The difficulty of welding together in one harmonious whole the interests of the rival but not hostile departments into which our journal is subdivided has been partially overcome, and, we feel assured, will speedily cease to exist. For the obvious reason of its capabilities for more attractive illustration, the positions of Sport and Drama emblazoned on our heading have been reversed, but by far the largest portion of our engravings continue to be devoted to "Pastime and her joyous train," whose resources are developing year by year, and ever affording fresh novelties and varieties for our artists' pencils.

Nor, while gratefully acknowledging our unexpectedly welcome reception at the hands of the public, should we fail to appreciate the kindly tone of criticism which has generally been adopted by our contemporaries in noticing our early efforts to amuse and instruct. From both public and private sources we continue to receive expressions of good wishes often accompanied by recommendations, the adoption of which has strengthened our hands in a very material degree. The "name and title" of the paper may still

frighten some few of the "unco guid" from their property, but we have not thought fit to disguise our plan of operations, well knowing that if sport and the drama both possess some objectionable features, such need only be ignored or reprehended in order to render THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS as welcome a weekly visitant to every home in the United Kingdom, as its elder sisters in illustrated journalism laying no claim to speciality. This last named feature rendered our task at first doubly difficult, for the man was not always forthcoming to illustrate the idea, and thus a requirement sprung up for a new class of talent, which we flatter ourselves this journal has developed in no small degree. Photography, in the case of animals, has once more been tried, only to be pronounced a failure, even when applied by the highest masters of its art; and we have returned *stare super antiquas vias* to the pencil, which, if it occasionally blends flattery with fidelity, at any rate shuns those monstrous distortions of form and figure which Father Sol inflicts on his victims, even though he boast a "line of beauty" in his features after the transit of Venus. Gradually we hope that the entire field of sport, a portion of which we have been content to illustrate, will open out to fulfil the requirements of all readers; but in a country like our own, where sport underlies every phase of social life, the mind is confused by the multitude of its varieties, and the claims which each possesses for attention and illustration in its turn.

Owing to retirements and additions (the latter we are glad to say vastly predominating) we shall commence the year 1875 with a newly-cast administration, from whose reforms—and they are likely to be many and important—still further improvements may be expected. These will be gradually introduced from time to time, but we may mention that hunting will, so far as it lies in our power, and comes within the scope of a paper more devoted to illustrating by pencil than by pen, receive at our hands the attention it deserves as the king of sports if not the "sport of kings." In the spirit of racing prophecy it has long been reckoned not only impolitic but impossible to compete with the cloud of weeklies, bi-weeklies, &c., which are in the habit of devoting a large amount of space to that branch of sport, and whose information from the scene of action furnishes incomparably superior data on which to form their vaticinations than a journal which takes up its parable before even programmes are completed. The more important races we shall still be able to analyse, and we are perfectly content to leave plates and selling races to be discussed in the columns of the sporting press *par excellence*. Of the Drama we may say, that its features, as represented in our pages, will in the main be continued; and that no pains will be spared, either by artists or critics, to render it a trustworthy chronicle of the doings on the Stage, and a mirror of the kings and queens of dramatic art. Music, athletics, country pursuits and pastimes, foreign travel and adventure, will each claim its fair space, and we shall see our way clear to fulfilling the exigencies of each, now that heads of departments may be said to have definitely shaken down into their places. With such promise of the future do we close the old year, and conclude our first short voyage on the uncertain waters of public opinion. The "popularis aura" has so far filled our canvas, and in the hope of its favouring influence, we may sing with the poet:—

"We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore."

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXX.—KING VICTOR.

"Looks like carrying sixteen stone to hounds," we once heard an enthusiast in the chase fondly remark of King Victor, as, with the Demon up in the well-known Royston jacket, and with "Mr. William" looking affectionately after him, he cantered down the course to try his luck over a Newmarket T.Y.C. At this season of the year, men with a mare or two past service in the field, are casting about for something "likely to get hunters," a qualification often supposed to attach to stallions whose chance among thoroughbreds is considered slightly doubtful. King Victor, however, has shown his ability in both lines of business; and while his *Vae Victis* has been "among them" this year in excellent two-year-old company, the "King" has left behind him in Bedfordshire more than one young hopeful we shall hope to see redeeming his youthful promise with the Cambridgeshire or Oakley a season or two later on.

Highfield Hall brings back to us many pleasant memories of old days in the golden summer tide, when Prime Minister held high court in the yard where King Victor now reigns in his stead. We recall the hearty welcome and yeoman's fare of its former owner, whose tissue first taught our young ideas how to bet, and inducted us into the mysteries of book-making on a small scale. But the Mathers, *père et fils*, have ceased to frequent the busy ring, and their names are well nigh forgotten. Death claimed them in quick succession, and since their days and those of "Jock of Fairfield," breeding and book-making have ceased to go hand in hand together—the instruments of gambling are no longer forged by the same power that controls their Turf destinies with the metallic pencil. Ranges of boxes and farm buildings are plentifully scattered over the estate at Highfield Hall, and it is here King Victor held his court with Premier Land ("Our William's" last mount) for his Chamberlain; and Joskin, and Suffolk, ambassadors from foreign lands, are accredited for the season on "particular service."

King Victor, foaled in 1864, was bred by Mr. Henry Alington of Barford, near St. Neots, and was got by Fazzoletto, out of Blue Bell, by Heron. His dam has had almost as many consorts as foals, and has shown her catholicity by breeding such horses as Suspicion (winner of the Goodwood Stakes and other good races), to Alarm; Scarf (dam of the flying Cashmere), and the subject of our notice, to Fazzoletto; Belle of Warwick, to Leamington; Barford (who did good service to the tricolor of M. Lefevre), to Thormanby, and she has lately patronized St. Albans; thus having rung the changes upon nearly all the fashionable strains of blood of the day. Got by Heron out of a Zimmermann mare, her dam Jessie by Emancipation, Blue Bell inherited no great amount of beauty from the sire of Fisherman; but we regard the strains composing her pedigree as valuable as they are rare, and confidently anticipate a successful future at the stud for her daughters, one of which we have alluded to as having made her mark thus early by producing Cashmere. If King Victor did not inherit beauty from his dam's side, neither is it likely that the union of Blue Bell with such a horse as Fazzoletto would supply that "fatal gift" to her son. The produce of Orlando and the famous Canezou, Lord Derby's Two Thousand hero of 1856 was one of

the most ungainly animals that ever swept across Langton Wold, reflecting rather the combined coarseness of Melbourne and Velocipede (the component elements of his dam), than the handsome outline and poetical action of Orlando. In his slow paces, especially, Fazzoletto moved like a "cow;" and notwithstanding high authorities to the contrary, we never thoroughly believed in him as a stayer of the first water. Yellow Jack turned the tables upon his Newmarket conqueror at Epsom, and Fazzoletto's name will hardly go down to posterity as worthy to be inscribed on the long bede-roll of celebrities which have made Whitewall and Malton almost sacred ground, and raised John Scott's training reputation higher than any other master of his art in ancient or modern times.

King Victor's Turf career, if not glorious, was at least creditable, and both at home and abroad he proved himself a thoroughly useful servant to Mr. Bevill's stable, in which in due course he matriculated as a yearling. His first and only essay as a two-year-old was successful, as Morris just landed him a head in front of Opopanax (who carried a 6 lb. penalty for her Epsom wins), the King's name not being mentioned in the betting. Not being engaged in any of the great events of the year, King Victor had to make his way as best he could in handicaps, and as if to make amends for his hours of idleness as a two-year-old, he "cut in" no less than eleven times in 1867, with but one solitary bracket to his name, when he beat Volunteer for the Trial Stakes at Bedford. At Northampton he ran fairly in the Whittlebury, and creditably with Indian Star at Newmarket, and Bounceaway at Stamford. For the Newmarket October Handicap he was made favourite, but had nothing to do with the finish, nor with that of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Trial Plate. 1868 brought better luck, in his five wins (four in succession) out of eleven races, viz., at Newmarket (where he also ran well with Out-and-Outer), Epsom (the Rous Stakes), Newmarket July (the Summer Stakes and Newcastle Stakes), and Lewes (the County Cup), besides carrying heavy weights to the fore in the Stewards' and Chesterfield Cups at Goodwood. This must be admitted to be very fair form, but it was hardly sustained in his five-year-old season, when his proportion of victories to defeats was as one to six. His solitary win was in the Chelmsford Handicap, but he finished second to Gertrude in the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot with some really good animals behind him, such as Plaudit, Normanby, and Rosicrucian. He ran but once (in the Lincolnshire Handicap) in 1870, and after standing for a season or two in Bedfordshire, was purchased by his present owner from Mr. Alington, and shortly transferred to his present location in Hertfordshire, where he stands at the modest subscription of 10 guineas.

King Victor is a hardish bay horse with black points, standing as nearly as possible 16 hands 1 inch in height, and presents no very remarkable characteristics beyond those three grand requisites, size, bone, and substance. Taking his long and severe labours into consideration, he has retired from the Turf with clean limbs, and is a particularly hardy, good-constituted horse, and quiet and tractable enough in his "drawing-room." His shoulders are long and sloping, his girth deep and of good measurement, and he has all the length which characterises Melbourne's stock, without any remarkable degree of coarseness, though he cannot be said to show the grand quality, for which other families of the great thoroughbred commonwealth have been remarkable. He is well furnished with muscle, and taking him altogether, is an excellent type of the powerful British thoroughbred in these degenerate days. Of his prospects we do not care to venture a prophecy, but when high authorities openly proclaim themselves not averse to using confirmed roarers as stallions, all we can say is, that a well-built horse, perfectly sound in wind, and very stoutly bred, should not lack a share of public support. We had the pleasure of inspecting some of King Victor's stock at Doncaster, showing plenty of size and bone, and though we have no intention of elevating him, by anticipation, to the rank of approved good horses, by our notice of his claims to consideration, we are only acting up to our expressed intention of discussing some young aspirants to Stud honours, whose cause may be served by a meed of public recognition. King Victor's pedigree and performances are at least equal to those of more than one horse which breeders have been content to patronise after many years of neglect, and we cannot doubt that a fair chance of distinction will be accorded to his obvious merits. Next season we shall be better able to judge of what sort of stuff his youngsters are made, and as one or two of them are in the best of hands, there will be every opportunity for ascertaining whether or not their good looks belie them.

TRIAL EIGHTS AT OXFORD.

The trial eights at Oxford were about the best of their sort that have been seen at Oxford for ten years and more. They were rowed on this occasion over a perfectly new course so far as Oxford men are concerned. The ordinary Oxford course, the Nuneham course, the Pangborne Regatta course, and the Henley course, have all at one time or another been the scene of trial eights in various years, the Nuneham course most frequently so; but the Moulseford Reach had not till last Saturday ever been thought of. The course is about the best of all. It starts at the Moulseford railway bridge of the G.W.R. within 200 yards of the railway station, and continues for two miles, almost down to Cleeve lock. The first thousand yards are upon a curve to the left, after which the course is almost dead straight to the finish. The race was an unusually close one, Way's boat winning by one yard only, after a hard fought race from start to finish. Not only was the racing good, both in the matters of time, swing, and good form and style generally, but the crews taken man by man were as fine specimens of rowing men as we have ever seen, and would completely dwarf the trial crews of Oxford during the last three or four years, if placed alongside of them. After the race was over, a picked crew was selected from the best performers in the race, to row up from the winning-post to the "Beetle and Wedge," where the crews disembarked. This crew was thus composed:—Bow, Tancred (B.N. Coll.), 12 st. 0 lb.; (2) Marrots (B.N. Coll.), 12 st. 2 lbs.; (3) Cunningham (B.N. Coll.), 12 st. 4 lbs.; (4) Bowstead (Univ. Coll.), 12 st. 12 lbs.; (5) Brown (Trinity), 12 st. 13 lbs.; (6) Michison (Pembroke), 13 st. 1 lb.; (7) Courtenay (Pembroke), 11 st. 3 lbs.; Banks (Univ. Coll.), 11 st. 10 lbs. (stroke). These men were all new oars, who had never rowed in a University eight, and both in strength and style showed to better advantage, even at this incipient stage, than many a University eight has done within a month of the Putney contest.

Besides these recruits, Oxford has four old University oars from whom to select, viz.:—Stayner (the president, St. John's), 12 st. 0 lb.; Nicholson (Magdalen, ex-president), 12 st. 8 lbs.; Sinclair (Oriel), 11 st. 12 lbs.; and Way (B.N. Coll.), 10 st. 12 lbs. The weights of these are given approximately, at what they may be expected to row at. Way and Sinclair rowed in the trial eights. Stayner and Nicholson did not. What with the resources of old oars, and the influx of good new men, it must be admitted that the chances of Oxford for the next University race are far better than they have been for years past.

The race will take place in all probability on March 20, an early fixture, but unavoidable in consequence of the early date of Easter.



THE VOKES FAMILY AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

D.H. FRISTON

THE "GODS"

A.

Reminiscence of the
DUBLIN
OPERATIC

SEASON

THEATRE ROYAL.



The "Gods triumphant?"



Their Reward



REBECCA.

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN'S STORY.
BY WAT. BRADWOOD.
(Concluded from page 291.)

CHAPTER V.
IN NEW HANDS.

Mr. Ingle was just the man to "manage" Rebecca. With a reputation of straightforward conduct in the racing world, void of the least imputation of having ever "pulled" a horse, he had his wits thoroughly about him, and was no plunger.

Rebecca's name figured in the entries for some ten and more handicaps during March, and in each case she was promptly scratched as soon as the weights appeared. The thirty pounds and upwards thus sunk upon her was, as Mr. Ingle afterwards explained, money well laid out. Anyhow, it did not come out of my pocket. He had promised to inform me whenever the mare was to run, and at Easter I got a letter from him saying that the mare would run in a small race at Kingsbury Easter Monday Meeting. I was to breakfast with him, and he would drive me down. It was my first visit to London, but I need not dilate here upon that. When we reached the course, I found to my horror that Rebecca was entered in a selling race, to be sold for £50! Mr. Ingle calmed my fears, explained that she was never intended really to start for this selling race, and pointed to a £50 Plate, two miles and a half, lower down on the card, in which Rebecca figured at 10 st. 8 lbs. Sam Paley, about the crack cross-country professional of the day, was to ride her. Mr. Ingle was to back her, and I was to stand in with his book. It is needless to say that I had a commission to back her for Job Slakey. To my disgust they did not lay more than 6 to 1 against her in a field of ten; I feared that her merits had spread beyond the corner of the world where we lived; the "Calendar" gave no statistics of my race at Dantry, beyond placing the numeral 1 to the mare's name, but handicappers might have been told of her. When Mr. Ingle came to show me his book, he smiled and said in explanation—"They only back three others; I do not think anything else is trying." He had taken 1200 to 200, and of it I threw in £70 for Joe and myself. While the field were going down to the post, I found an accommodating gentleman who was laying much longer odds, had a bag round his neck, and a belt which bore the name of a well-known firm of book-makers. He kindly offered me 10 to 1 against the mare, in answer to my query as to his price. I took him to £20, posting my money at his request, as it was "customary with gentlemen whom his firm did not know." I wished I had not taken Mr. Ingle's sixes, I would have gone for a raker at tens—anyhow I had saved a bit of a bargain, and I was well pleased as I climbed into the stand. The race was a slow run one, but Rebecca was pulled back into the ruck by Paley after the first fence. I wondered why he did not let her come away and break their hearts, as she did at Dantry. She threw her head in the air fretfully, but Sam's hands were very different from mine. He played with her like a fisherman with a salmon, and kept her well within herself—too well I began to fear. She fenced cleanly; her month's schooling had not been lost upon her. Two fences from home only three were in it, Rebecca and the two favourites, Rebecca lying last of the three; the rest had tailed some lengths. Paley closed up a trifle as he neared the last fence, flew it not a length in the rear of the leader, plied his whip as soon as he landed, and shot out a winner by a length and a half. When Rebecca entered to scale, there was not a mark of a whip upon her. As Mr. Ingle explained, Sam had flogged his boot, not to seem to win too easy.

My ten to one friend could not be found. I confided my sorrows to Mr. Ingle, who laughed and feared I had been welshed, and recommended me in future to leave speculations to him, at least till I knew my way better about the ring. He warned me to leave other races alone, unless I chose to speculate a sov. or so just to amuse myself. He put it thus: "Except when you back your own horse, or that of a friend whom you trust, and who tells you he likes his chance, you have treble odds to contend against. First, the horse may not be able at any time to win on his merits, for only one can win. Secondly, he may not be trying. Thirdly, even if his owner means trying, his jockey may be squared."

Mr. Ingle explained to me that he did not contemplate running the mare any more that season. She would do well enough for the present, had paid for her hay and corn, and had done better by winning thus honestly in bad company than if she had been pulled. Faint praise was often best to damn prestige. To have beaten a scurvy lot of platers, however cleverly, looked as if she did not fly much higher. Both the second and third in the race, each of which gave her a stone, could hardly be handicapped to win a big race at any weight. To be reputed as good as them would still entitle her to 10 st. in any big handicap; "and as you'll see before long, we'll land one, Mr. Smith," he said, as he bid good-bye to me.

I went home well pleased, with four hundred pounds to share between Joe and myself. I was itching to show my wealth to old Marks, but I had not turned the thousand yet, and would wait the year out. But Jenny and I talked it all over, and agreed to keep dark the secret of my rising finances, till we could reach boiling-point.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR GRAND COUP.

Summer had come and gone again, we were well into autumn before Rebecca again saw a starting-post. This time it was at Warwick, in a two-and-a-half mile handicap, of 10 sovs. each, 100 added. She was allotted 11 st., and when I met Mr. Ingle on the course, and asked him what price we were likely to get about her, he said, "I'm afraid she has not much chance to-day. She will win if she can, but come and look at her, and judge for yourself." At first sight, as she walked in the paddock, I thought she never looked better. She seemed to have furnished, and to be up to double the weight that she was in the spring. But my eye was unscientific.

"She is too big," said my mentor. "She'll never stay the course with all that beef upon her."

"Then why run her?" I innocently asked.

"Because it will do her good to be beaten; she can't be wound up to her best all the season round, it would make any horse stale; but that is no reason why you and I should not take the odd chance of her winning even half trained."

I looked puzzled. "I mean," continued Mr. Ingle, "that so long as the mare is not pulled, and wins if she can, we aren't bound to drag the flesh off her bones for every rubbishing race she starts for. If the handicappers don't see that she is not at her best, that is no business of ours. I've got Captain —, of the Guards, on purpose to ride her; he never stopped a horse in his life. That will be public guarantee enough that she runs square, and if by any chance she does win now, why all I can say is that in that case she can win a Liverpool with 13 st. on her. If you ask me, I don't think anybody on earth can make her win, and it will be so much weight off her back when next we want her really fit. All I can say is, I don't mean to back her, and advise you to be content with the stake if she can land that."

I said no more, and quietly acquiesced. But when Rebecca led the whole field over the brook past the stand, running clean away with Captain —, I felt mortal sorry that I had not backed her. Rising the hill she maintained her lead, but in making the bend for home three or four of the front rank closed with her. As the newspaper reports said, "She tired all to nothing after the last fence," and she came home in the ruck, unplaced, lathering like a 'bus horse, and blowing like a grampus. I felt a pang at her defeat, as though it were a disgrace to her reputation; but I had promised not to meddle with her "management," and to let well alone. Twice more during

November did she figure in the entries in the "Calendar," and each time did the sporting papers record that she was "struck out as soon as the weights appeared." Towards the end of the month the weights for the Grand Metropolitan at Croydon were published, and out of an entry of forty-five, Rebecca was honoured with 10 st. 3 lbs. She was among the twenty and odd acceptances, and I noticed her name in the betting at 20 and later on at 15 to 1. A line from Mr. Ingle brought me to London the week of the meeting, and he then told me that he thought we had got a real good thing. He had tried her, so that Manciple, who had carried 11 st. 4 lbs, into second place in the last Liverpool Grand National, could not win at even weights with her, and that was good enough. He had got his money on quietly, and I stood in for Job Slakey and myself for 3600 to 200. It was a big speculation for me, but I had made no hole in my plunder of the spring, and was game to stand it out. Sam Paley was upon her this time.

It was with anxious sensation that I read the anticipations of the sporting writers, not one of whom suspected our rod in pickle; only one of them once alluded to her chance, and he thought "she was flying at too high game for a plater, and could not stay the course."

The day came that was to make or mar my chances of winning the Metropolitan, and with it Jenny besides. I felt just as if I was going to a funeral or to my own execution as I took the rail down to Woodside station.

I inspected Rebecca in the paddock. She was much finer drawn than at Warwick, but was still a bigger mare all round than she had been in the spring. Her coat was like satin, and the muscles on her quarters stood out in bosses.

The hour came for the great event of the meeting, and fourteen runners were telegraphed and took their preliminary canter. There was Diadem, top-weight, winner of the last Grand National, and Manciple, Rebecca's stable companion, carrying 11 st. 10 lbs. (They took 12 to 1 about him in the ring.) There was St. Malo, who belonged to one of the "cleverest" divisions on the Turf, and who had not won a race since he left the flat for cross-country work, but was now backed at 7 to 1, and was second favourite with his minimum weight of 10 st. There was Jerry Go Nimble, the favourite, with 10 st. 7 lbs. on his back, and quoted 5 to 1 on the strength of his having ran second for the same race a year ago with only 5 lbs. more, since when he had been "in lavender." There was old Winchester, a thorough old stager, one of the top weights, who never made a mistake in his life, but had seen his best days and was getting slow. There was Viola, a second string in St. Malo's stable, started to make a pace for him, and with these I think I have mentioned all that were at all prominent in the betting. The hope of my fortunes came down the course with a long sweeping stride, but active as a cat, tucking her legs under her like a jack hare and clearing clean five-and-twenty feet as she took the hurdles. Without prejudice, nothing but St. Malo cantered half as well.—Somebody at my elbow exclaimed, "What's that in blue with a white belt?"—Mr. E. Smith's Rebecca." "Where does she come from? What's she ever done?" and he consulted a Turf's Guide. "I'm blow'd if I don't have a bit on her though," he said, and pushed his way out of the stand down to the ring, thus giving me a better standing ground. And then they all filed off to the post, while I strained my eyes after them, and felt much the same as when I waited to see the drop fall, as a lad, when old Sims was hung at Dantry for knocking his wife on the head with a cold hammer.

"They're off," says somebody behind me, and I could make out a kaleidoscope of colours flashing round the far left hand corner of the course. I strained to make out the blue jacket and white belt, but my eyes were all in a swim while they passed round the far side of the course and came into the straight for the first time. They swept up in a cluster, and as they took the brook I could just make out Viola leading, Jerry Go Nimble at her quarters, Manciple and Diadem next side by side, and a cluster of others at their heels; St. Malo and Rebecca abreast of each other and last but two. Sam Paley's hands must have been made of silk; Rebecca was, I could see, going well within herself, and yet her head was still; none of that tossing and fretting, which she had showed in my hands at Dantry. A couple of outsiders came to grief at the brook, but Sam Paley steered clear of them, and as they swept round the bank, to the right, for the second time round, I could see my blue jacket gradually improving its position. Her pace was mending, and the field was tailing. As they passed opposite the Stand, on the far side of the course, five horses came clear away from the rest, abreast and six lengths from anything else; the blue jacket was among them. They rounded the turn, and then, as they faced us for the last six hundred yards of straight, I could for the moment judge nothing further. "Jerry wins!" roars one voice behind. "St. Malo for any money!" halloos another. The Babel of the ring and stand waxes louder and louder, as the leaders rise to the last flight of hurdles. The blue jacket is the second to take them. "What the devil is this a-coming?" says somebody behind my ears. "Outsider wins!" roar a dozen in concert close by me. Sam Paley's whip is up for a couple of side binders, as he sits down for a shake out. Rebecca quits St. Malo half-a-dozen strides from the stand, and shoots past the post with a length daylight.

I can hardly realise what I have done and what I have won, but I push my way down the stairs and get my eyes well d—d for trampling upon pet corns. Who cares! The numbers go up. Rebecca, 1; St. Malo, 2; Diadem, 3.

Rebecca's subsequent career neither made nor marred my fortune further. She was over-weighted for the Liverpool. I backed her but for a trifl in it, and could not expect her to win if the cracks stood up. True, we might have landed the Liverpool, a heavier stake, and at longer odds than we did at Croydon, and we might just have missed it. Mr. Ingle played a safe and clever game—and "All's well that ends well."

Rebecca ran with varying success three or four times more that season, but her form was now too well known for long odds to be got about her, or light weights to be accorded her. Mr. Ingle and I let well alone, were thankful when she won, and backed her but for little—win or lose. She showed symptoms of a thickened suspensory ligament when she was put into training the next autumn, and Mr. Ingle sent her back to me, saying that she had paid us well, and deserved repose. But, long before that, before the blackthorn was out, I had signed articles of partnership with Old Marks, and had been to church upon a celebrated occasion.

P.S.—Business is looking up. Mr. Bowens' interest has obtained for the firm of Marks and Co., haberdashers, the contract to supply the workhouse linen and charity girls' dresses; and we have taken in the next house to our premises, with new plate-glass windows.

I am the father of twins. Rebecca has a colt foal at her feet, and has just eaten a piece of christening cake from my hand. We call the foal Jacob, and Mr. Ingle is to have him to train next October year; but my money is tied up so, what with trust and partnership deeds, that I shan't be allowed to back him for more than a tenner even if he goes for the Derby.

Mrs. STIRLING'S READINGS.—A large audience assembled at the Quebec Institute, Portman Square, last Thursday night, to hear Mrs. Stirling's last reading before Christmas. The readings by the veteran actress were supplemented by the pianoforte performance of Miss Lucy Manus, and the reading of Mrs. Stirling's pupil "Ruby," a very young lady who has already become a favourite with London audiences. Amongst the most effective of Mrs. Stirling's readings were the poem entitled "Measuring the Baby," Miss Adelaide Procter's "Story of the Faithful Soul," Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and one of Bret Harte's Mexican mining incidents, told in the rugged verse for which the American author is famous. In all of these Mrs. Stirling was greatly applauded, and her concluding poetical valedictory address was much relished. The interpretation of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," by her talented pupil, was excellent, that young lady displaying singular power and not a little pathos. Miss Manus had a fair and deserved share of the plaudits of the audience, and altogether the evening was greatly to the taste of all present. "Ruby," besides her Shaksperian reading, sang "The Bells of Aberdovey," and received a hearty encore.

A DEADLY ENEMY.

BY W. H. GARRETT.

THE Theatre Royal, Slowborough, was certainly not an imposing edifice as seen by me one bleak and rainy afternoon nearly thirty years ago. Viewed from the other side of the narrow street in which this temple of the drama stood, the upper stories presented the appearance of a granary, while the ground floor looked very like a deserted stable with a dilapidated coach-house in the centre. The three rickety doors by which ingress was to be obtained were so deeply covered with bills of all sizes and colours as to lead to the conclusion that every event of the slightest local importance for years past had been duly chronicled upon them, and might still be found there, embalmed between layers of paste. Over the middle of these entrances a single lamp projected, on the grimy and broken glass of which could still be deciphered the legend, DRESS BOXES. It was at this door that I had promised to meet Mr. Kemble Simpson, in order to accompany him over the theatre that we had jointly taken for a short season. I say jointly taken, because my friend Mr. Kemble Simpson, whose acquaintance I had made at a watering-place, three weeks previously, had been good enough, in consideration of my having paid a month's rent in advance, and of my having provided him with money enough to pay for gas, printing, and other expenses, to promise that I should receive one-half the profits accruing from the undertaking. That these profits would be considerable, Mr. Kemble Simpson had assured me his talents as an actor and his ability as a manager were a sufficient guarantee. But even young and utterly inexperienced as I then was in everything connected with a theatre, I could not help feeling some misgiving as I gazed upon the building which had been selected as the scene of Mr. Kemble Simpson's coming triumphs in histrionic art. My reflections were interrupted by the appearance of that gentleman himself advancing under the shelter of an umbrella. He was a broad-chested, powerfully-built man, about forty years old, with very black bushy eyebrows, small piercing dark eyes, and a face that would have been handsome, had it not been deeply scarred with small-pox. I have still a lively recollection of the vice-like grip of his broad, bony hand, as he enquired, in the same breath, how I was, when I arrived, and what I thought of the town.

"Rather quiet, it seems to me," I said in answer to his last question.

"Flat, stale, but not, my dear boy, unprofitable, as you will very soon discover," rejoined Mr. Kemble Simpson, cheerfully. "We shall rouse the good folk when the large posters which I have ordered meet their eyes at every turn. There is but this one theatre in the place, so it would be an odd thing, indeed, if they couldn't, or wouldn't, support the drama for a couple of months occasionally. Besides, I have been told by John Craypole—he is one of the company I have engaged—that a capital business was done at this theatre when he was here five years ago. Now, if money could be made with such a man as that to play the leading business, what may we not expect to accomplish when I appear in a round of my favourite characters?"

Not being quite prepared to give a suitable reply to this proposition, I merely said, "This John Craypole is not very clever then?"

"Very clever!" he echoed contemptuously. "Why, my dear Elwyn, the fellow has no more passion, no more pathos, to help him to get his living than the echinomionidae feeding within the body of a live caterpillar. His voice, too, is hard and unsympathetic like his heart. He will never make a position on the stage if he play for a century."

"Then why engage such a man?" I asked in some surprise.

"Because time pressed, and I couldn't readily get any one else that was able to read blank verse decently."

Mr. Kemble Simpson now took a couple of large keys from his pocket, and then for the first time looked attentively at the front of the house we were about to enter.

"This must be the back of the place," he remarked, doubtfully.

I pointed to the letters on the lamp, and he stared at them rather blankly; but he soon recovered his cheerfulness, and after he had engaged in a sharp struggle with the lock, the door opened, and we went through a very long passage leading to the house itself. Making our way into the "dress boxes," some of which had a few tattered cushions lying in them, we stood in the dim light, and took a view of the interior of the theatre. Mr. Kemble Simpson made a remark, but raised a dirty brown holland covering, on which were thick layers of dust, and leaned over to examine the paneling outside the boxes. Recovering himself from this position, he drew down the corners of his mouth, took a long breath, and then said in a suppressed voice—

"Very well, John Craypole. I see your motive now. Advised me to take a place that is not fit for an audience of coal-heavers to sit in. But I shall disappoint the viper—I shall disappoint him, my boy."

I am afraid that I did not look particularly joyous at this announcement, and had only uttered the words, "What motive could?" when he interrupted me by driving his fist into the palm of his hand with a force that resounded through the house.

"Motive!" he said, in a loud, impatient tone. "Why, he is jealous of me, jealous of my ability, jealous of my getting into management. I never liked him. Indeed, I suspected what his feelings towards me were when we were acting together at Manchester last year. But come along, Elwyn, we must take a look at the dressing-rooms and the stock of scenery."

We reached the stage, where he left me for a few minutes, as I was not disposed to go stumbling about in the obscurity. He came back with his fists tightly clinched, and for a moment showed a disagreeable uncertainty as to what to do with them; but at last he thrust them viciously into the very bottom of his trousers' pockets, and paced up and down the stage for a few moments.

"There is hardly any scenery at all fit to put on the stage," he said, stopping abruptly. "We shall have to get some. Confound him!" He walked down to the foot-lights, took another survey of the house, and then continued in a calmer tone, "A bad bargain, I fear, but we must make the best of it. I intend to open the house with *Hamlet*, and my daughter Robina—I expect her to arrive by the next train—will play *Ophelia*."

"I was not aware you had a daughter," I said.

"Oh yes, and a dear good girl she is too. My only child, and all I have left to remind me of her poor mother, whom I lost years ago. You shall see her; you shall hear her sing. Her voice will make her fortune when she gets to London."

Footsteps were now heard approaching, and we were joined by the stage carpenter, with whom Mr. Kemble Simpson made an appointment for the following morning, and then we passed out by the same door at which we had entered. A man was lowering sacks of corn into a cart from one of the upper stories. Mr. Kemble Simpson stopped, looked up at him, and smiled grimly.

"Nor will that prevent people from coming to see me, my amiable Craypole," he said, drawing himself up to his fullest height. He thrust his arm through mine, and as we walked on to the house where he had taken lodgings, I began to think that Mr. Kemble Simpson was not altogether free from vanity.

When we entered the drawing-room, a somewhat short, plump girl of nineteen, with fair hair, and a bright, expressive face, advanced quickly and took both his hands in hers. A moment after, I was introduced to Robina; and then her father, throwing himself moodily into a chair, broke out into the bitterest reproaches against John Craypole, and inveighed in measured terms against the owner of the theatre. Robina listened to him in silence; but at last I saw her turn away her head to hide from her father the tears that trickled down her cheeks. He went on, however, without observing her emotion, and as my position was becoming painful, I was about to withdraw when a slatternly servant threw open the door and announced Mr. John Craypole. He was a tall, thin man, about thirty, with a somewhat melancholy expression of face, and very neat in his attire, though his clothes showed obvious signs of long wear. Mr. Kemble Simpson received him with constrained civility, and made no allusion to the state of the theatre, but asked somewhat abruptly what he thought of *Hamlet* for the opening night.

"Who is to play 'Hamlet'?" asked Mr. Craypole, dryly.

"I am," answered Mr. Kemble Simpson, in a sharp, decisive tone.

"Oh?"

There was something in the manner of uttering this little word that offended the manager, for he drew down the corners of his mouth, as he always did when displeased, and said haughtily, "I believe you have seen me play that character, Sir?"

"Once, only once," answered Mr. Craypole, and his eyes twinkled, though his face remained unchanged.

"Well, you know I had a capital notice in the *Weekly Trumpet*, Sir."

"For all that, I don't think the personation was one of your most successful, by any means," replied Mr. Craypole, quietly.

"Perhaps you would like to play the part yourself?" asked Mr. Kemble Simpson, with an ironical laugh.

"No, I have no ambition to do so just at present, though I have studied the character more assiduously than any other in all Shakspeare."

"Well, I hope you have also devoted some study to 'Claudius,' as that is the part you will be cast for."

"I think 'Laertes' would suit Mr. Craypole far better," said Robina, as her face slightly flushed.

"My dear, you must allow me to be the better judge on that point," observed Mr. Kemble Simpson coldly, as he walked to the window and looked into the street.

A quick glance passed between the girl and John Craypole, and then a pause in the conversation ensued, of which I availed myself to take leave.

The state of the theatre obliged Kemble Simpson to postpone the commencement of the season for some days beyond the date originally fixed upon, and I subsequently heard that during this interval Robina Simpson was absent on a visit to the town where she was last engaged, and that she returned only in time to attend the rehearsals of the piece. Eight days had now elapsed since my arrival in Slowborough, during which I had been bleeding money at every pore, it was therefore with a sense of considerable relief, not unmixed with satisfaction at the improved state of the building both within and without, that I saw its doors at last thrown open to the public. Through a hole in the faded and patched green curtain I watched with no little anxiety the audience slowly assembling. Kemble Simpson, to do him justice, had not entirely relied upon the effect to be produced by a liberal display of gigantic posters, but had taken the precaution of personally soliciting the patronage of several of the leading gentry in the neighbourhood, including the officers of an infantry regiment quartered in the town. The boxes were, therefore, about half full, but the rest of the house was almost empty. It is not my intention to criticise Kemble Simpson's impersonation of 'Hamlet'; it was not much worse than that of many others whom I have since seen essay the same character, and therefore he was perhaps justified in showing, when he retired to his dressing-room, how cruelly aggrieved he felt at the apathy with which the audience had listened to his best elocutionary efforts, and at the ill-suppressed titter with which they had greeted his scene at the grave of 'Ophelia.'

"The stupid brutes, they are unable to appreciate good acting," he exclaimed bitterly. "Now, what did you think of my scene at the grave, Leonard?" he asked, turning to a middle-aged actor, who shared the manager's dressing-room. "You have seen Macready in it, and so have I, give me your candid opinion without fear or favour."

It may have been that Mr. Leonard had read of the fate which attended poor Gil Blas when similarly encouraged by the Archbishop to speak frankly; at any rate Mr. Leonard, as he turned round, towel in hand from a bowl of water in which he had been washing the paint from his face, declared that Macready in that particular scene "could not hold a candle" to the manager of the Theatre Royal, Slowborough.

"I never before heard such a burst of passionate grief," continued Mr. Leonard.

My own impression now is that it was highly probable he never had!

Kemble Simpson's face assumed a gratified smile, and he said "Ah, Leonard, I fear I don't deserve quite so great a compliment as that, though I must confess that Macready has always seemed to me a little too tame in that scene."

"No, really I mean what I have said," protested Mr. Leonard. "Indeed I said much the same thing to Craypole at the wings this evening."

"And I suppose he did not quite agree with you; eh, Leonard?"

"Well, no—he certainly did not," answered Mr. Leonard, with some appearance of hesitation. "In fact I had quite a discussion with him on the subject."

"What did he say? Tell me what he said," demanded Kemble Simpson, eagerly.

"Say? Why he gave me to understand in a civil kind of way, that I was a fool and knew nothing whatever about the matter."

"That man is my deadly enemy. I feel it. I know it—the viper."

In what respects John Craypole resembled a viper I had not the faintest idea; but Kemble Simpson seemed to think the epithet remarkably appropriate for he went on repeating it at intervals until he had cast all his "nighted colour off" and resumed his ordinary attire. Having despatched the callboy to his daughter's room to let her know that he was ready to go home, we crossed the deserted stage, and had almost reached the door of egress, when John Craypole emerged from a side passage. For a moment the manager seemed inclined to pass him without the slightest notice; but as if yielding to a sudden and uncontrollable impulse he turned suddenly and confronted him.

"Look here, Mr. John Craypole," he said, sternly, "I shall not allow you to find fault with my acting. How dare you express any opinion of that sort about me, you sneaking viper. It is lucky for you that I was not within hearing of what you said to Leonard this evening."

"I am quite ready to repeat every word that I said," replied John Craypole calmly.

"Are you? Then take that!" exclaimed Kemble Simpson, fiercely, and he struck the other a heavy blow on the front of the neck.

Poor John Craypole staggered back and fell across a low bench which was standing a few feet behind him. He rose with great difficulty, and then leaned against the wing in silence. I was about to go to his assistance, when a tremulous voice said:

"What is the matter: are you ill, dear John?" I turned and saw Robina advancing hurriedly towards us.

"Don't tell her. It is nothing; I shall be better soon," were the words that John Craypole faintly uttered.

"I am sorry if I have hurt you much. I did not intend to hit so hard," said Kemble Simpson, sulkily.

"What! Has my father struck you—my father?" cried Robina, throwing her arms round John Craypole, and bursting into tears.

"He is an old enemy of mine," muttered Kemble Simpson. "And I think you are losing your senses, Robina, to conduct yourself in this way."

"It is you who are losing your senses," she retorted bitterly. "He never was an enemy of yours."

"Certainly not," said John Craypole.

"Take your arms from round the fellow's neck, girl, or I shall lose all patience with you," shouted Kemble Simpson.

"My arms are in their proper place at a time like this," sobbed Robina. "We were married but four days ago. Oh, father, I can never forgive you!"

"But I can, for your sake, dear, and so I trust will you, Robina," said John Craypole, and then he sank gently on to the ground, saying he had hurt something in his back when he fell across the bench.

Kemble Simpson's face worked convulsively for a moment, and then he hastened to assist in raising his son-in-law.

John Craypole was carried home, and a few weeks after the doctors pronounced him to be suffering from permanent injury to the spine.

Meanwhile the theatre was kept open; but the inhabitants of Slowborough persistently refused to witness the performances, though announced on the posters as those of "the eminent tragedian, Mr. Kemble Simpson."

John Craypole was never able to act again, and when I next saw him, about three years after the disastrous season at Slowborough, he was moving feebly along upon crutches, attended very assiduously by a gaunt, worn man, in whom I with difficulty recognised Kemble Simpson; who had now become the attached friend of him he had once regarded as his deadly enemy.

MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR.

BY FRANCIS E. STAINFORTH.

"HERE we are again!" How many generations of children have these words made happy; and how many generations of older children have joined in the mirth and applause produced by our motley friend on Boxing Night.

Pantomime, which originally meant "a mimic of all things," and was applied to the actor and not the play, is the name now given to a species of dramatic exhibition of very ancient origin. Doubtless our Christmas entertainers will feel honoured when they learn that the Emperor Augustus was the inventor of this kind of play, and that Nero and the noblest Romans did not disdain to make an appearance both on the stage and in the arena. The dress of the parti-coloured hero, Harlequin, has been drawn out of the wardrobe of antiquity; he was a Roman mime, and is described with his shaven head, *rasis capitibus*; his sooty face, *fuligine faciem obducti*; his flat, unshod feet, *planipedes*; and his patched coat of many colours, *mimi centunculo*. But, though the costume of our sprightly lover corresponds with that of the actors of old Rome, the *fabula Atellana*, so called from the little town of Atella in which they were played, had little to do with the Christmas gambols of our modern mimes. The dramatic tale, told in dumb-show, often of a tragic and always of a lofty character, was generally preferred by the ancients to those entertainments in which there was spoken dialogue, and Bathylus, Pylades, and Hylas, the principal performers of pantomime, were men of no small note in the City of the Seven Hills. The first trace of the style of exhibition now in vogue is to be found during the revival of the drama in the reign of Pope Leo X. Cardinal Bibiena was the author of the first of the Italian comedies; but, strange to say, it was a tragedy, named *Radamistus and Zenobia*, that had the honour of introducing a clown and pantaloon to the public of modern Europe. The play commences with a battle between more than a hundred performers; they attack a palace and carry it by force of arms. The whole tone of the piece is intended to be of the most pathetic description, and yet there is a comic fellow, named Punchello, who alarms the warriors, parodies the heroic speeches of the chieftains, and behaves with all the preposterous folly of a buffoon. He is, indeed, a kind of clown, and to keep him company, Zenobia's nurse, who is perpetually in a state of terror lest anyone should make an attack on her virtue, is played by a man with a black sheep-skin beard and wig, and shows all the attributes of the modern pantaloon.

After some years the comic was separated from the tragic part of the drama, and became a distinct style of play, in which the witticisms of Punchello were no longer levelled at everybody, but confined to the various comic types of the inhabitants of the Italian provinces. At first the characters were Pantalone, a Venetian merchant; Doloré, a Bolognese physician; Spavento, a Neapolitan bully; Pullicenella, a wag of Apulia; Giangugloto and Coviello, clowns of Calabria; Gelosimo, a Roman dandy; Beltramo, a Milanese booby; Brighella, a Ferranese pimp; and Arlechino, a blundering servant of Bergamo. Afterwards other characters, such as Spezzafer, Giangurto, Il Nappo, Rogantino, Gros-Guillaume, Pedrollino, Paglaccio, Peppa Nappa, Pierrot, &c., all drolls, were introduced; and their dresses, which were exceedingly fantastic, may be seen in a splendidly illustrated work, called "Masques et Bouffons," by M. Sand.

The *Comedia dell' arte*, originally overloaded with characters, was, when the entertainment migrated to France, reduced to the simple story of Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon. Columbine is the daughter of Pantalone, an elderly gentleman, who jealously guards her from the insidious designs of lovers. Harlequin, a gay young spark, penniless and dissipated, is particularly objected to by the old man, and, of course, favoured by the young lady; driven to their wits' end, they bribe Clown, the servant of Pantalone, to help them to elope. While escaping from the window, Clown gets in the way of Pantalone, and then the chase begins; Pantalone never can catch them, for the treacherous Clown constantly gets him into scrapes and puts him on the wrong scent. This plot, since elaborated and altered until the modern pantomime has little likeness to its ancient model, was the style of entertainment introduced by John Rich, afterwards manager of Covent Garden, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1717, when Garrick, Quin, Spranger Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Clive, were at the zenith of their popularity.

When Rich and his company removed to Covent Garden in 1732, he produced *Harlequin Sorcerer*; which was shortly afterwards followed by *Harlequin Dr. Faustus*, at Drury Lane, when Colley Cibber apologised for admitting such an exhibition to the National Theatre. He said, "I would never have consented if there had not been a second theatre, but we are obliged at Drury Lane to comply with the public taste or starve." There was no clown in the pantomime played by Rich, this character being brought to its present state of perfection by the Grimaldis. Rich, under the name of Lun, played harlequin, and Davies says "his gesticulation was so perfectly expressive of his meaning that every motion of his hand or head, or any part of his body, was of a kind of dumb eloquence that was readily understood by the audience. Mr. Garrick's action was not more perfectly adapted to his characters than Mr. Rich's attitudes and movements to the varied employments of the wooden sword magician. His taking leave of columbine in one or two of his pantomimes was at once graceful and affecting." He was a man of little education, and had contracted a curious and rude habit of calling everybody Mister, which gave rise to an unmanly *bon mot* by Foote. Rich having called him Mister several times, Foote became warm, and asked him the reason of his not calling him by his name. "Don't be angry," said Rich; "for I sometimes forget my own name."—"That's extraordinary," replied Foote, "for though I knew you could not write it, I did not suppose you could forget it." His ignorance, however, did not interfere with his ready wit, for when Garrick asked him how much money Covent Garden Theatre would hold, he replied, "I would tell you to a shilling if you would play 'Richard' in it."

After his death, Garrick, who made harlequin speak in his pantomime, *Harlequin Invasion*, paid the following compliment to his late rival manager:

"When Lun appeared, with matchless art and whim,
He gave the power of speech to every limb;
Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures what he meant:
But now the motley coat and sword of wood
Require a tongue to make them understood."

The pantomime of his day is thus described:—"A species of dramatic composition, consisting of two parts, one serious and the other comic. By the help of gay scenes, fine dresses, grand dances, appropriate music, and other decoration, Mr. Rich exhibited a story from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' or some other fabulous work. Between the pauses or acts of this serious representation, he interwove a comic fable, consisting chiefly of the courtship of harlequin and columbine, with a variety of surprising adventures and tricks, which were produced by the magic wand of harlequin, such as the sudden transformation of palaces and temples to huts and cottages, of men and women into wheelbarrows and joint stools, of trees turned to houses, of colonnades to beds of tulips, and mechanics' shops into serpents and ostriches." In this we see the origin of the modern comic business.

The most celebrated of the Grimaldis was the grandson of a Genoese dancing master, who came over to England as a dentist, in the train of Queen Charlotte, in 1760. He it was who in the religious riots that took place twenty years later, instead of chalking on his shutters "No Popery," quaintly wrote up "No Religion;" a conceit that evidently hit the public taste, for his windows were spared. His son became ballet-master at Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells, where he was also a favourite primo-buffo vocalist. He made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the ballet of the *Millers*, and the *London Chronicle* wrote the following curious criticism on his performance:—"Grimaldi is a man of great strength and agility, he indeed treads the air. If he

has any fault he is rather too comical." His first regular pantomime was *Fortunatus*, in which he played harlequin, after the manner of Rich, but he afterwards, at the Sadler's Wells, tacked on some of the attributes of clown; not the English clown, but the Italian punchello. To his son, Joe, the one generally known as the elder Grimaldi, is due the honour of raising clown to the dignity of the pantomimic hero *par excellence*. He was short of stature, well-built, pliant of limb, and remarkably quick in action, with a face in which gravity was the prevailing expression, as was best illustrated by his facetious remark that he could make people laugh at night, although he might be *grim all day*. His dress was very different from the costume of our present clowns, being that of a loutish lubberly boy, whose large and baggy trousers were well stuffed in the seat, and buttoned on his jacket; he wore a school-boy's frill round his neck, and did not chalk or paint his face in the ordinary manner, but dabbed on some patches of red, to resemble the jam left there by the greedy fellow in his hurry to escape from punishment. He had a wonderful talent for impromptu and grotesque make-ups. For instance, a picture still exists in which he appears as a fierce hussar. His hat is a lady's muff, with a watch-pocket pinned to the side, and a table brush sticking out of the top to represent a plume; his sword is a poker; the cords and tassels of his dress are constructed out of a bell-rope, and his boots of a couple of coal-scuttles, the handles behind forming a pair of spurs. He neither tumbled nor danced on stilts or barrels, nor did he play tunes on his chin nor on fiddles behind his back, but his effects were made by the thorough humour of his acting, the drollery of his comic mugs, and the quaintness of his blunders, which much resembled those of the arlechino of Italy. The later years of his life were embittered by the reckless and intemperate conduct of his son, the younger Joe, who might have succeeded to the family honours if he had been tolerably respectable, for we are told in verse how the great John Kemble wept when he heard that Joe was taken ill on the eve of the production of the pantomime.

"The pantomime was all rehearsed,

And puffed off in the bill,
When, full of grief, in Fawcett burst,
To Kemble crying, 'Hear the worst,
Great Joe Grimaldi's ill!'"

And we are also told how the manager was comforted when informed that the mighty mine possessed a son "All full of joke," and how he was sent for to take his father's place at Drury Lane. The elder Joe died on the 31st of May, 1837, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and the younger, after a miserable life of dissipation, expired at a public-house, kept by a man named Perkins, in Pitt Street, Tottenham Court Road, on the 9th of December 1832, aged only 30. After the elder Grimaldi had left the stage—although he yet lived—the most famous of the motley crew was Robert Bradbury. In style he was also quiet like his predecessor, and off the stage was the very last person who would have been taken for a clown, for he possessed a peculiarly grave demeanour, and always dressed in the extreme of fashion. Then came Kirby, a very popular mime of the boisterous order, whose style was the antithesis of that of Grimaldi: he is said to have been a man of much shrewdness, although occasionally what is called a "little odd."

Another droll of the noisy and demonstrative order was Signor Paulo, who made his first appearance in *Harlequin Merman, or the Mysteries of the Deep*, at the Queen's Theatre, in 1834. Although opposed to Grimaldi in manner, he was very like him in face and person; a thoroughly cockney clown, he would have been out of his element if far from the sound of Bow bells. He was succeeded by Tom Mathews, who has played pantaloon to the great Joe, and boasts that he was his pupil; he made his first appearance at the Sadler's Wells on the 26th of December, 1829, in the *Hag of the Forest*, and his song, "Hot Codlins," was a gem that always brought down the house. Jeffries, who kept a tobacconist's shop in merry Islington, bearing the title of the Little Snuffbox, and having for sign a casket that would have served for the sons of Anak if they were addicted to small vices, was a pupil of Mathews; in his wake followed Harry Boleno and Dick Stilt, names remembered with pleasure by most of our contemporaries; and then came Richard Flexmore, like Grimaldi, the son of a grotesque dancer. He first appeared at the Coburg, under Davidge's management, in a pantomime called *Jack and his Eleven Brothers*, and afterwards founded his style upon that of Alf Fuller, an excellent clown, who died after a short but successful career, in 1844. Flexmore was the clown at the Princess's, under Kean's management, and played in *La Belle Alliance*, at Covent Garden, when it was destroyed by fire, in 1856; he was also the representative of folly at the Adelphi and Drury Lane, and died on the 26th of August, 1860, aged 36.

Among the representatives of pantaloon, or "the old 'un," the name of Barns stands out like a peculiarly bright star. This old man, so senile, so uxorious, and somnatory, was a favourite with the house from the gods to the stalls, always eliciting screaming laughter from his unaccountable misfortunes. Blanchard, the father of the actor of that name, so long known to the American public, was also a popular pantaloon, though he, like Bradbury, was little like a mirthgiving mime, being of an exceedingly dignified and gentlemanly appearance.

James Byrne, the father of Oscar Byrne, was the inventor of the tight-fitting dress, covered with spangles, that harlequin now wears. It is made of the finest silk or cloth, and consists of 308 pieces, and many thousands of spangles—before Byrne's time the motley magician was clad in the loose jacket, now called the dress of the Watteau harlequin; the inventor originally appeared in *Harlequin Amulet, or the Magic of Mona*, at Drury Lane.

Oscar Byrne must be considered the best harlequin of the present century; he was an exquisitely formed man, and an elegant dancer, with the power of imparting an expression to his movements which so few men possess.

Thomas Ellar, who followed him, was perhaps the most active exponent of the patchy hero; and J. W. Collier, in his youth, an excellent clown and pantaloon, afterwards played harlequin, in which he was surprisingly good. He originally appeared at Covent Garden and the Lyceum, but it was at the Sadler's Wells Theatre that he became celebrated for his airy and graceful movements in his glittering parti-coloured and spangled dress. Still later we have had Milano, who died this year, and John Cormack, who has resigned the magic wand to become still more famous as the ballet-master at Drury Lane.

Although many of the drolls mentioned have either passed away to the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns, or have retired from the boards to pass the rest of their days in dignified ease, it must not be supposed that there is any decline in the talent exhibited in our Christmas entertainments. It is sufficient to mention the names of W. H. Fred, and Harry Payne, so long the delight of the Covent Garden audiences, and of Fred Evans and his talented troupe, who, with the Vokes family, are the attraction at Drury Lane, to assure ourselves that the Boxing Night amusements of 1874 will equal, if not surpass, in brilliancy and fun all the pantomimes that have preceded them.

YE LEGEND OF HOW FARMER GREEN WENT A-HUNTING, BUT DIDN'T CATCH THE FOX.

1. How Farmer Green and his wife went to the Meet.
2. How they met with a gracious (?) reception.
3. "There they go!" cries Farmer Green. "There'll be any number of broken necks. How they must envy us!"
4. "But for this obstinate brute, I'd have had him that time," quoth Farmer Green.
5. A trifling obstacle. "I quite forgot the hedges and ditches," growled Farmer Green to his spouse.
6. Farmer Green dismounts and follows on foot. "Ah! but I'll have him this time."
7. "Let us sit down and rest," said Farmer Green, "I am quite done up."
8. The fox having "doubled," however, this is what happened a moment afterwards,—
9. Disgusted with everything in general and foxhunting in particular, Farmer Green returns home a sadder and a wiser man.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.
BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE were some very clever cobs and galloways at the Islington show. The cob is a very difficult animal to breed, as it should combine steadiness and good action with strength and robustness; and the mention of this compact animal reminds me of a circumstance that occurred some few years ago. An elderly country gentleman, belonging probably to that bucolic called Boodle's Club, was very desirous of obtaining a perfect cob, and applied to a celebrated London dealer to procure him one. In the course of a few days a letter arrived, saying that one of the most perfect animals ever foaled was to be seen at the horse-dealer's yard. The old gentleman made the best of his way there, and was shown this prodigy of nature, as he was described to be. "Look at his form, Sir!"—"Rather heavy about the shoulder, and his temper?"—"Perfect."—"I should say rather skittish," responded the rural gentleman. "Skittish!" echoed the dealer. "He's admirable in his manners, and, as for being quiet, why, the Bishop of Romford could ride him, and probably he will, if you decline to have him." Although the country gentleman had never heard that the town famed as the birthplace of Francis Quarles, and now celebrated for its brewery, had been the seat of episcopal jurisdiction, so many new colonial sees had been formed that he quietly took for granted the statement, and at once made up his mind to deprive the bishop of his equine treasure. How the animal turned out, I know not; but the circumstance gave an opportunity for Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley naming one of his race-horses "The Bishop of Romford's Cob."

The galloways at Islington were admirably suited for field, road, park, or ladies' phaetons. They were deep in their shoulders, with light necks, small heads, and magnificent eyes, such as Byron loved to describe in his Eastern heroines. I now approach the racing trotters, who figured in single harness, and wonderfully well did they perform their tasks; they would have won the heart of many a Yankee sportsman at Charleston Races. It would occupy too much space to speak in detail of the various classes of horses exhibited, but I can fearlessly assert that almost every one possessed some merit, and that the unsuccessful candidates need not be ashamed if they did not carry off the honours of the day. Indeed to them we would say, in the words of a most zealous friend to agriculture, and everything appertaining to it, "I feel that I may congratulate the promoters of the exhibition (referring to that of 1865) on the great improvement which has taken place in the exhibition of our domestic animals since the first show of this society; and, if it were not considered out of place, I would beg of those gentlemen who are unsuccessful exhibitors not to complain of the judges' decision, but carefully to examine (and this, too, divested, if possible, of all prejudice) the prize animal in the different classes by which their own animals have been defeated; and by a careful comparison of each they will be able to discover the faults, imperfections, and malformations of their own, and will return home fully determined to rectify errors, and thus accomplish one of the great aims of the society, viz. the improvement of the breeds of our domestic animals."

Although the above sensible advice was applied to breeders of cattle, sheep, and pigs, it is equally applicable to those who breed horses. In treating of the breeding of horses in a national point of view, I have not referred to the great difficulty that has existed of late in procuring horses for her Majesty's regiments of artillery and cavalry. It has been suggested, and I think very wisely, that establishments should be formed in England similar to continental ones for the purpose of breeding such horses. They might be divided into three or four classes, artillery horses, heavy cavalry horses, medium between heavy and light, and horses for lancer and hussar regiments. One great advantage would be that a better class of animal could be bred than bought for the money now allowed; in addition to which the horses could be broken in before they were assigned to regiments by lots. The system has been carried on in India and in foreign countries, and there seems no good reason why it should not be attempted in the United Kingdom. The horse shows would tend very much towards assisting such an establishment, as many would be ambitious to have their thorough-bred stock purchased by government. It is, at all events, worthy of the attention of the authorities at the War Office. Hitherto our cavalry has been all that could be required; witness the prowess of the Scots Greys, the heavy and Household brigades at Waterloo; the heavy and light cavalry at Balaklava, in India, in China, and at the Cape. While on the subject, let me strongly urge the public to support the horse shows. I am a decided advocate of manly exercises and sports, not merely because history informs us that they were encouraged and practised by the most refined and virtuous people of ages long since gone by, but from a just sense of their importance in the formation of our own national character. Not only were the wisest and best men of antiquity the promoters of them, but among competitors in their exercise are to be found the most refined scholars as well as the strictest moralists that adorned the age in which they lived. Sports, indeed, formed part of their national solemnities; and the authority of all antiquity must convince us that the energies of countries flourished whilst they flourished, and decayed as they died away. Whether, then, we regard the deep interest which attaches to a fine collection of horses, or the purposes served by it, in bringing together specimens of the best breed, required to support our national character, I may fairly assert that the annual exhibitions at Islington are of the most important value; supported as they are by the heir to the throne, and so admirably managed by Mr. Sidney, whose zeal, courtesy, and indefatigable industry have won him "golden opinions." I will merely add the old Westminster phrase, "Floreat."

Let me now turn to the support that has been given towards the improvement of the breed of horses in this country by by-gone monarchs. To King John we are indebted for the introduction of 100 selected Flemish stallions, which mainly contributed to the foundation of our splendid draught horses. Edward II. and Edward III. did all in their power to improve English horses for

war and agricultural purposes. Henry VIII. prohibited the exportation of English stallions, and also caused an Act to be passed affixing a certain standard of height for every stud horse, below which none could be kept. During the reigns of James I. and Charles I. great attention was paid to the improvement of our horses, but the melancholy events of the Civil Wars diverted the attention of the people from such a subject. With the Restoration things brightened, and Charles II. became a more determined friend to the improvement of the breed than any of his predecessors. He despatched his master of the horse to the Levant to purchase the best horses of the Barb and Turk breed, and in this he was spiritedly emulated by the noblemen and others attached to his court. In the death of Charles the lovers of sport experienced a severe loss, for neither the bigoted James nor the restless and active William III. turned their attention practically to it; hence the improvement of the breed was at standstill. Towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne commenced a new era in the breeding of horses, by the importation of the celebrated Darley Arabian. For a century previous most of the countries of the East had been ransacked for the finest animals that were to be met with; nor had the stud of Arabia being altogether neglected, for James I. had imported one for which he gave 500 guineas, at that time a most extravagant price. The speculation however did not succeed; indeed the merits of the breed were not fairly tried; for the Duke of Newcastle, who was then considered the best judge of horseflesh, was

return to royal patrons of the stud. Little or nothing was done during the reigns of the first, second, and third Georges; but in that of George IV. considerable improvements were made. William IV., the Sailor King, did all in his power to support the Turf, and his well-known order to his trainer, "Start the whole fleet," was thoroughly characteristic of a prince brought up in a man-of-war. It, however, remained until that bright era which dawned when our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, came to the throne to introduce that which had long been desired—exhibition of horses. The Turf, too, can boast of an illustrious patron in the person of the Prince of Wales, who, though not an owner of race-horses, attends many of the principal meetings, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood.

(To be continued.)

THE DUBLIN OPERA "GODS."

In the whole round of the Dublin year there is no social event of more general interest than the coming of Mr. Mapleson, with his Italian opera company. The cricket matches on the Leinster ground and in the Park, the reviews in the Fifteen Acres, the bands and fireworks at Kingstown, even the College Races themselves, yield, by reason of the briefness of the time they occupy, to the imperial claims upon attention made by the Italian Opera during its three weeks' "coshering" with the people of Eblana.

Those people who, living in remote green nooks of the island, visit the capital but once in the year, always arrange to be there early in October. And surely there is no want of contrast between the shady silentness of a Kerry glen and the wild uproar of the Theatre Royal on an opera night. The house is usually full from floor to ceiling, and close under the ceiling is packed a dense mass of 700 or 800 Olympians. In the middle of the crescent which the sweep of the top makes, stands the leader of the revels, a kind of republican despot in the social order. He beats time for the celestial choruses, he selects the celestial soloists, his arms are the discharging rods for the celestial thunders of applause, or for the withering hail of hisses; his eye peruses the pit, and, detecting the "White hat!" he levels at it the celestial yells and cat-calls, and dried peas and pellets of paper, and corks and unattached hats. One side of the gallery sings against the other; his decision is final. One side of the gallery yells against the other; he is umpire supreme. The heat in the "top" is very great, and the Olympians resemble pagan divinities in more respects than that of being set in high place, for they are but slightly encumbered with drapery. Above the railing there aspires a forest of bare arms rising from white, red, blue, yellow, and every other conceivable colour and shade of shirt. From the railing, and set so closely, as to obscure the whole of the wooden curtain of the "top," depend the discarded integuments of the "gods." But while the uproar is at its greatest height, Signor Li Calsi glides from the door on the right of the orchestra. Some one shouts out, "Opera." The cry is like a bugle blowing the "Cease Firing," for, with a force of repression which you seem to feel, a heavy silence falls like a cloud upon the whole house, and before the second bar of the overture is reached, you can hear your neighbour's breathing and the turning of a libretto leaf at the other side of the house. When the "gods" are strongly moved to applaud, there is no mistaking their intention. Their cries, and shouts, and clapping, ring down from the concave roof and drown the whole house in one great flood of sound which defies analysis. If they are, like all giants, strong, they are full of good humour and indulgence, and they rarely make severer show of their displeasure than by preserving a chilling silence. On benefit nights greater licence is taken. The "gods" swagger. They are insolent with a mystery. They are confident with the confidence of men who are at once more blessed and more potent than their brethren. The fact is they have a dove with a ring round its neck in a basket, and they will let that dove down presently to the *primadonna*. Later on it reaches her hands, the heavenly echoes are once more shaken, and

elderly people begin to calculate the possible effect of the vibration on the stability of the building. When all is over, the Olympians tear wildly down the steep and tortuous stairs, fly up Poolbeg Street, and turn up Hawkins Street, into which the stage door opens. The carriages to convey the performers to their hotels are drawn up in a line along the eastern side. The one belonging to the *primadonna* is singled out from the rest. The horses are unyoked, and when the lady appears a wild cry goes up to "the tingling stars," and, surrounded by a singing crowd of students, and clerks, and "young men about town," the *cantatrice* is drawn home in a very irregular and unsatisfactory though highly flattering manner. Often when the night is fair, and the lady good-humoured, she pays her chivalrous (or, to make a joke, it should be un-cheval-rous) admirers by singing some favourite song to them from the window of her hotel.

THE REV. JOHN KING AND HIS RACE-HORSES.—The 103rd anniversary of the York Gimcrack Club took place on Thursday week. Mr. J. L. Foster presided, and there was a large attendance of gentlemen. The chairman, in proposing the health of the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes—the Rev. John King, otherwise Mr. Launde, the owner of Apology—said he regretted that that gentleman was unable to attend on account of his great age. Mr. King had, however, written to state that he had now been confined to his bed for 12 weeks, the result of an accident; but that in other respects he was quite well. Mr. King was a thorough English sportsman, and though he was 80 years of age, he still took as much delight as ever in his stud of horses. Following Agility, Apology, and Holy Friar, Mr. King had a most promising yearling filly of the same strain of blood, which he had named Hypocris, and a colt foal over brother. Of these the rev. gentleman says that he has no fear that they will distinguish themselves at York races for some one if not for him. Mr. King was not the man to part with his horses. No money would purchase them; and on a recent occasion, when a gentleman asked him to sell some of his brood mares, his reply was that the applicant must wait till his executors offered them for sale. The toast was heartily drunk.



THE LATE MR. JOHN SCOTT.

loud in his censure of the King's importation, which consequently fell into neglect, nor have we any account whatever of his produce. This failure discouraged any further attempts in the same quarter, until Mr. Darley, thinking that the experiment had not been sufficiently tried, ventured on another attempt, which proved eminently successful. He had, in the first instance, much prejudice to contend with, but no sooner were the stock of his Arabian sufficiently known than his fame was at once established, and mares flocked in to him from all quarters. It would occupy too much space to notice the various importations which shortly afterwards took place from Arabia, and the celebrity of the various horses, but it is sufficient to remark that this cross produced an animal infinitely superior in form, speed, and stoutness to anything which had before appeared in England; and there are few of the thorough-bred horses of the present day which have not more or less of Arabian blood, whilst, by a judicious admixture, horses of every other description have been improved, and many of our stoutest breeds, and best adapted to hard work, may boast a remote descent from the coursers of Arabia. The collective term whereby the Arabs designate horses in general is "Khayl." They distribute them commonly into five great races, all originally from Nejd, and they have been studious, from time immemorial, to preserve with religious care the purity of the races. The physical qualities which the Arabs prize most are found in the laconic verse of Horace:—

"Pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix."

Of the different breeds, the races of Nejd are commonly regarded as the noblest, those of the Hejaz as the handsomest, those of Yemen as the most durable, those of Syria as the richest in colour, those of Mesopotamia as the most quiet, those of Egypt as the swiftest, those of Barbary as the most prolific, and those of Persia and Kurdistan as the most warlike, all of which qualities many of our horses descended from Arabian blood possess; and of not a few it can be said, in the words of the high-flown Persian poet, Ghefoori, that, "like the earth itself, always well poised in its motions, not less rapid than the torrent which has forced its bounds, he equals fire in ardour and wind in swiftness, and is so full of mettle that quicksilver appears to flow in his veins." To



"HOW FARMER GREEN WENT A-HUNTING, BUT DIDN'T CATCH THE FOX." (See Legend in another page.)

THE GAUCHO'S REVENGE.

BY ALFRED A. GEARY.

It is some years now since I went out to Buenos Ayres. Like the prodigal son, I had begged and received from my father the portion that fell to my lot, and, full of wild ideas of adventure, I had come to South America, intending to make my fortune, or never return. Before I had landed many days, I fell in with a man named Southam—James Southam—a few years my senior, and as good a fellow as ever stepped. He had come in from the camp to sell his clip, and was staying at my hotel, so we met every day at meals, took our cocktails together, and saw a good deal of each other. After awhile I asked his advice as to what I should do, confided to him the state of my finances, and, to cut a long story short, ended by packing up my traps and going out with him to his estancia "Las Viñas," out beyond Bragado, where I was to learn sheep-farming, and generally qualify myself for camp life in the Argentine Republic. Las Viñas was so named, I suppose, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because there were no vineyards there, but it was comfortable enough; a good, well-built, substantial house, stockyard, and corral, with a quinta, planted with peach-trees at the back, the whole enclosed in a wire fence, with stout "nandubay" posts, the very type of a well-to-do estanciero's dwelling-place. We had plenty to do; moreover, what with the rounding, herding, and marking of cattle and horses, parting the flocks, curing and shearing the sheep, and a hundred and one other similar duties; so that when night-fall came, and James Southam, (he was always called Don Diego by the natives) and I met over our puchero or asado, we were only too glad to make as short work of our meal as possible, and after a pipe and a glass of caña, retire to our well-earned repose. Now and then, however, we had alarms of Indians; our neighbours had their cattle driven off, and then we had to keep on the alert, and take our sleep by turns, for there was no trusting to the vigilance of the men about the place, the peons and others, many of whom, if they had had the opportunity, would have been as bad as the Gauchos or even the Indians themselves. However, we were fairly lucky; the life suited me, and after a year or so I had picked up sufficient knowledge to start on my own account; so, by Southam's advice, I bought about a league of camp adjoining Las Viñas, got together a few sheep and cattle, and was soon doing well for myself, so much so that I wrote home to my sister Polly, to come out and keep house for me, and when I went in to Buenos Ayres to dispose of my second season's wool, I brought her back to the estancia with me, Don Diego sending out his dog-cart as far as Chivilcoy, to fetch us from the point where the diligence put us down, for the railway was not then constructed. I shall never forget Polly's delight at everything she saw throughout our long and tedious journey. She was never tired of watching those queer little creatures, the owls, standing sentry over the biscacheros, and when the sun set, the biscachos themselves were a never-failing source of delight to her. It was lucky she was so easily pleased, for there was nothing else to be seen in those days between Buenos Ayres and Bragado, nor for that matter is there much more now, except along the line of railway, where a few pulperias (drinking-shops) have sprung up near the stations, and serve to break the flat monotony of the landscape, though in themselves, they are not such very agreeable objects either. In due course we got home, and in honour of the occasion Southam came over from Las Viñas to Bella Vista (the name of my place) to dine with us. Polly looked very fresh and pretty, was pleased with the novelty of the country, and full of scraps of news from home. In fact, to us who had heard at only rare intervals from the old country, she was quite an animated newspaper. Southam was evidently pleased with his new neighbour, and anxious to appear at his best, while I was in a frame of mind to be delighted with everything and everybody, so that you may imagine the dinner passed off *à merveille*.

When the stars came out, and we had smoked our pipes in the verandah, we walked across to the corral with Don Diego, who caught and saddled his horse, and bidding us good-bye, in a few minutes was galloping across the camp in the direction of Las Viñas, the monte surrounding which was just visible in a black mass against the horizon.

We had our "carne con cuero" at Las Viñas, and many other similar camp entertainments. Polly's presence made perpetual sunshine at Bella Vista, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that James Southam was more frequently to be found with us than at home in his own desolate estancia. For months I could not but foresee the end of it all, and when he came to me one day to tell me that Polly had consented to be his wife I could but acquiesce, even had I not felt assured that James would make her happy, and that though my home would be less cheerful in the future, she could scarcely have chosen better, even with a far wider selection than our life afforded, than to have linked her fate with my old friend, for whom I entertained so sincere a respect and regard. However, no sooner said than done; Polly was Southam's wife, and it was now my turn to ride over to Las Viñas and back again alone on the dark nights across the broad camps that separated our dwellings. Hitherto all had gone well with us—our flocks and herds had prospered, there had been fewer raids of Indians, and both Don Diego and myself were looking forward to the time when we should be able to leave our estates in efficient hands, and return home to enjoy the fruits of our labours.

Shearing time was coming on, and we were in the full bustle of preparation, when one day, as usual, I rode over to Las Viñas as the sun was going down, to take Don Diego's advice as to some of my proposed arrangements. The weather had been unusually sultry for the time of year, and the sun was setting in a bank of dun-coloured clouds.

"Mi parece que viene mal tiempo," I said to the peón who took my horse off to the corral. "Sí, señor, creo que viene un pampero." Casting a glance out westward, I walked into the house, and was received by my sister with her customary affectionate welcome. Soon afterwards her husband came in, and we sat down to dinner.

"Looks bad out west," said Don Diego, as he helped the puchero. "The weather has been very unseasonable, and I shouldn't wonder if we are going now to have a 'temporal.' I went out just now to see O'Ryan down at the puesto near the cañada, and told him to have his flock brought in and folded near home; then I rode off to see old Juan, but couldn't find him however I suppose he'll have sense enough to look after the sheep, if the storm comes on sooner than we expect."

I got up and looked out nervously, for when a storm does come in those parts, it comes with a vengeance, and I had my own flocks to see after.

"Come away, man, and sit down," said James. "I daresay it'll blow over, or maybe won't come on before morning." But I could see that for all his comforting speeches he was ill at ease, and dinner passed over hastily and in comparative silence.

When we had finished, we took our pipes and strolled off round the quinta, just to take a look at the weather. The night was fine and clear overhead, but there was an almost painful stillness in the air, and where the sun had gone down there was a dense blackness, ever and anon revealed by vivid flashes of lightning, showing where the storm was brewing.

"I think I'd better be going, James," I said at last. "It may come down sooner than we expect, and I can do no harm by being at Bella Vista, even if it is too late to look after the puesteros, though if they keep their eyes open, they ought to be able to take care of the sheep as well as if I was among them."

We went back to the house. Even Polly seemed disturbed, and I was becoming every moment more anxious. My horse was brought round, and as I mounted and said good-bye, there came a distant roll of thunder and a more than usually vivid flash of lightning, which made it evident that my fears were not exaggerated, and that perhaps even before I could reach my home the pampero would be down upon us. Making a free use of my "reverque," I was soon galloping away over the "lomas" between Las Viñas and Bella Vista, while the repeated bursts of thunder, and the increasing darkness of the sky, added wings to my flight, for it was now evident that a "pampero" of no ordinary magnitude was coming, and that it might burst upon us at any moment. About half a league from home I came suddenly on a dark figure on horseback, who reined alongside me.

"No hay cuidado, señor. I have done the best I can; half the home flock are in the quinta, and the rest are down at my puesto. As for the others, no sé, but let us hope they will be all safe."

The speaker was Domingo Ramirez, my head puestero, a man in whom I had every confidence; and it would appear that he had been up to the estancia, and not finding me at home, had ridden off to meet me, in the hope of relieving my mind of some portion of the anxiety he was sure I must be enduring.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when I became conscious that the trees and other familiar objects, which a moment or so before were visible on my left hand, had, as it were, been blotted out, and that a vast wall of dust, rising to an enormous height above our heads, was advancing towards us, and threatened in another minute to overwhelm us. Spurring his frightened beast as close to my side as possible, Domingo leant over to say something, when with a crash the dust storm broke, and his voice was instantly drowned in the roar of the wind, while so thick was the cloud of dust in which we were enveloped that I could not even see him, although we could not have been more than a yard apart at the time.

To my mind there is nothing more terrible than the sense of helplessness which overpowers one during one of these dust storms which usually precede the rain. In a few seconds you are blinded with the dust, deafened with the roar of the elements, and utterly unable to act or think, but simply to turn your back to the storm and wait till its first fury has spent itself. It was so in this instance. In a few minutes, there was a lull—that lull which ushers in the real tempest—while huge drops of rain began to fall, and then Domingo and I set spurs to our horses and galloped for dear life in the direction of the estancia. Happily we were not far off, and before the rain fairly began to come down we were under cover, only, however, to find that the first strong gust of the dust storm had broken half the windows and doors in the house, in the verandah of which several peons had collected, who, wrapped in their ponchos, were gazing forth in wonder at the violence of the storm, which was now raging in all its fury, while the sheets of water that descended threatened to flood the camps before morning.

Never shall I forget that night. The incessant roar of the thunder, and the almost continuous flashing of the lightning made sleep impossible, the rain came down without a moment's cessation, and we all assembled under the roof of Bella Vista, looked forward with an undefined dread to the morrow. At last day broke, and with the morning light the storm began to abate, the thunder died away in angry mutterings, and broken masses of dirty ragged cloud scudded before the cold wind, which now swept across the plains, or rather across the waste of waters which now spread as far as the eye could reach over what only yesterday was smiling pasture land.

Mounting our horses, Domingo and I started as soon as possible after daybreak in search of the sheep, and by keeping to the higher ground, and only occasionally having to wade our horses through the troubled waters of some swollen "arroyo" we managed to reach Domingo's puesto. Here there were two feet of water in the house place, and in a kind of backwater formed by the wall of the building were some dozen carcasses of sheep which had crept there for shelter from the storm, and had so been drowned. As to the fate of the rest of the flock there could be little doubt, for around us lay one vast sheet of water marked here and there by the line of some turbid current, showing the course of what so recently were merely the dry beds of different rivulets, but which the flood had transformed into raging torrents. Heartick, we returned, it being useless to attempt to get as far as "Las Viñas," for as it was our horses were dead beat, and in fording one or two difficult places we had already run no inconsiderable danger.

The next day was bright and fine overhead, and the waters were abating, and on the third day we were again in the saddle, scouring the country in search of the missing flocks and cattle. As to the former there was little uncertainty, for everywhere lay the carcasses of drowned sheep, while those that had apparently escaped the first fury of the storm, lay huddled together by hundreds in places where they had congregated on the higher ground, and had subsequently died from wet and exposure to the cold. Galloping terrified before the first burst of the pampero, whole "mañadas," of mares and herds of cattle had disappeared heaven knows whither, and it was not for some weeks that such of them as we recovered were traced among those of our neighbours, and brought home.

The net result of the matter was this, both as regards Don Diego and myself. Of the sheep, only the home flocks were saved, and these were not above 15 per cent. of the whole number; this, too, just before shearing, when the loss was almost irreparable. The cattle and horses were mostly recovered after a enormous labour and trouble. Many of our "puestos" had been destroyed altogether and more damaged. Such crops as we had grown for home consumption were hopelessly lost, and we now had to look our position in the face as best we might.

"Well, old fellow," said Don Diego, "it is useless to think of leaving this place for many a year yet to come; I was calculating on at least 200,000 paper dollars for my wool this year, whereas I don't suppose all I can send to Buenos Ayres will fetch £0,000, and next year, lambs and all I can't hope for over 50,000. So Polly will have to make a longer stay in this country before she sees home again in old England."

Southam was not one to give way to needless repining. He faced his losses like a man, and set his shoulder steadily to the wheel to repair them. Retrenchment was naturally the order of the day, and many a serious talk did I have with Southam as to the best means of diminishing our expenditure.

"I shall turn off a lot of these lazy, idle peons, loafing about the place," said he, one day, when we were upon this subject. "Ill-looking fellows enough, most of them, with their hang-dog, villainous countenances, their savage, unkempt attire, and their 'echillo' always ready in the cause of open quarrel or secret revenge," and next day several of the most worthless among them were dismissed accordingly. However justifiable such a proceeding might have been, I could not remain indifferent to the scowls and muttered curses of the fellows during the period that Don Diego allowed them to remain about the estancia, until they could find employment elsewhere. At last, however, they had gone, and we were once more settled down to our customary mode of life. One day I had ridden over to Las Viñas, and consented to stay over-night, as Polly was hourly expecting her confinement, and I should thus be at hand to gallop off for the nearest medical assistance in case of need. The evening closed dark and sultry, for it was Christmas time, and all the windows were left open to the verandah to catch the least breath of wind that might be stirring. We retired to rest at the usual hour, after I had arranged with James to start with him at daybreak for the town of Bragado, where we had some business matters to settle on the following day.

Rising between three and four o'clock, I dressed, lit my cigarette, and strolled round to the other side of the house to call James. I knocked lightly with the handle of my "revenque" at the half-closed venetians. "Are you getting up?" A drowsy response came from within, but satisfied that I had awakened the sleeper, I turned away, and was about to proceed to the "corral," when a shriek burst upon my ear which shot a nameless terror through me, and in a second I had dashed open the "jimils," and was by James's side in the bed-room. There he stood at the bed side, blanched and transfixed by the horrible sight which met our eyes. There lay the fair young English wife, so soon to have become a mother, lying in a pool of blood, but with a face as calm as if she were but sleeping peacefully.

"I turned to kiss her when I woke, and found her so," were all the words her husband could utter, as he strove vainly to take in the scene, and to try and believe that it could be none other than some hideous nightmare, too fearful for realisation. The comisario was hastily sent for, and examination revealed that she must have been stabbed through the heart while sleeping, without the power to cry out and alarm her husband, who was lying by her side. So instantaneous must death have been, that her attitude of calm repose was not disturbed in the slightest degree, while the only trace of the assassin's presence, was the imprint of a bloody hand on the snowy pillow, which must have been made as he leaned over the body to assure himself that his cruel knife had struck home. In looking at this, we remarked that while the outlines of the hand, thumb, and three fingers were plainly traceable, that of the third finger was missing, and later, when we came to consider the matter more calmly and deliberately, it became evident to us both, that if ever we should be able to trace the murderer, it must be by means of the unconscious clue he had thus afforded to his identity. From the position of this stain, relatively to that of the body, which was on the right-hand side of the bed, it was

plain that it was the left hand on which the third finger was wanting, and slight as might be the chance this afforded us, I could not help cherishing the hope that through this alone we might hereafter be able to bring home the crime to the murderer of my poor sister.

Those who know the Argentine Republic, know how poor a chance justice possesses in that country of ever triumphing in its unequal struggle against crime, and they will know what I mean when I say that from the first we had no hope of any help from the vigilance of the police or the law. Murders and outrages of every description are there of constant occurrence, and excite scarcely even the proverbial nine-days' wonderment. James and I had therefore only ourselves to rely upon in the emergency, and it was long before he recovered sufficiently from the shock to be able to bring his mind to bear upon any one subject, still less that, which by mutual consent was now a sealed book between us. After some months he became quieter and more composed, though it was evident that his intellect was still unhinged, and he had become sullen, reserved and morose in place of that frank demeanour which had characterised him before the fatal occurrence which I have just narrated.

The following winter I was sent for hastily by one of my peons who had been stabbed in some affray at a neighbouring 'pulperia,' and whom I found in a dying condition.

"It was the fortune of war," he said, "and he had been unlucky enough to receive a 'puñalada,' which he was sure would prove enough for him."

He was cool and collected, and indifferent as to his own fate. He had used the knife often enough himself and now it was his own turn, so he could not complain, but he could not die easy without unburthening his conscience to the 'patron,' as to what he knew of the murder of "la pobrecita" at Las Viñas. He had given shelter both before and afterwards to the assassin, whom he described as one Ramon Suarez, one of Southam's discharged peons who had taken this means of revenging himself by creeping into the room when the estancia house was wrapped in slumber and stabbing the poor girl in her sleep, hoping that suspicion might fall on her husband for the crime. Where this Ramon Suarez was now, he knew not; he had left Bragado long since and gone into another 'partido.' Some said to Mercedes, others that he was working on one of the new railways then in process of construction near Buenos Ayres. It was the fact that he had lost the finger of his left hand, and this was all he was able to tell. A few hours after making this confession he was a corpse. I lost no time in conveying the information to Don Diego, upon whom it appeared to make an extraordinary impression, and he announced to me his intention of searching everywhere and indeed sacrificing his life if necessary to avenge the death of his wife. In vain I urged (only half-heartedly, I fear) that he should make the necessary depositions before the Juez de paz and leave the proper officials to discover the murderer. "What would be the use of that?" he asked. "If a man could not take the law into his own hands, of what use was he in a lawless country like this?" In the end he prevailed and before long we had bid adieu to our homes and were on our way to Mercedes where we had reason to believe we should find the wretch whose life James had sworn should pay the forfeit of his foul crime. For some days after reaching Mercedes our time was taken up with fruitless inquiries. No one knew or cared about the existence of an obscure peon. He might have changed his name and be at work within a few yards of our hotel, or he might be in some distant province, where it would be as hopeless to attempt to find him as if he were in Europe; but James Southam never lost hope, and with every fresh disappointment only appeared more resolved not to abandon his quest. One evening we entered a 'pulperia,' wareied with a long day's search, and calling for some 'caña,' seated ourselves at a table apart, while at the other end of the room a number of Gauchos, gay with many-coloured ponchos, silver belts, buckles, and spurs, who had apparently ridden many miles, judging from the appearance of their jaded horses standing outside, and their own dusty boots and sombreros, were playing at cards, while others, drinking and laughing, stood round and speculated on the ever-shifting fortunes of the game. True to his ruling idea, Southam rose and joined the group of lookers on, scanning each one carefully, and finally directing his searching eyes on the two players. One of these was a man of middle age, with a dark olive complexion, close black beard and long black hair, who wore his felt hat down over his eyes, and appeared absorbed in the game, us, without noticing the remarks of the bystanders, he nervously fingered his cards and waited for his opponent to play. As I carelessly regarded the group from a distance, Southam turned and beckoned me, and in a moment I was by his side.

"Do you see that man's left hand?"

"My God! could it be true—the middle finger of that hand was wanting."

I felt choking and seized Southam's arm as I saw his teeth clenched, and his right hand pass into the breast pocket of his coat. The man played the ace of clubs, and with his mutilated hand upon the card, looked up with a victorious smile on his lips.

Clubs were evidently trumps.

At this moment his eye caught Southam's, and for a space, during which instinctively everyone looked in silence at the two, he seemed turned to marble.

It could not have been for longer than a few seconds, when Don Diego, covering him with his revolver, slowly and clearly uttered the man's name,

"Ramon Suarez."

Quicker than thought, the man drew his knife from behind his back, and, overturning the table, made a thrust at his enemy, whom he had instantly recognised, and who, simultaneously with this movement, pulled the trigger of the revolver. Language seems too tedious to describe the whole scene, which passed with the rapidity of lightning.

Before anyone could interfere, Ramon Suarez fell forward upon the floor with a bullet in his brain.

"Too late, too late!" murmured James, as he turned and leant heavily on my shoulder.

It was indeed too late; the Gaucho's knife had pierced his side, and my poor friend was inwardly bleeding to death as he spoke. In a few minutes more his eyes had closed in death, and his spirit had gone to join her whom he had so loved on earth.

I returned to "Bella Vista," where I found fresh disasters had taken place in my absence, the Indians having made one of their periodical raids and swept off the cattle for miles round. I speedily negotiated for the sale of both the estancias, and returned home; nor can you be surprised that I look back upon my stay in South America as one of the unhappiest periods in my otherwise not unchequered life.

BY THE BYE,

EVEN the most tragic circumstances sometimes provoke a smile. We have just been reading in a contemporary the letter of a Scotchman, who dates from Castle Street, Edinburgh, and calls himself Alexander Burnett. He sees from a review of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's newly published "Romance of the English Stage," the celebrated story of the death of John Palmer is there given, and he adds that "it is utterly impossible that Palmer died just after saying 'There is another and a better world,' for the simple reason that these words are not in the stranger's part at all. They occur in act i. scene i., and are spoken by 'Tobias' the old man." We need tell no actor or playgoer that in scene i. act iii., the "Stranger," addressing "Francis," says, "Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning, 'there is another and a better world,'" &c.; but the funniest thing follows when our friend the Scot, on the strength of his supposed wonderful discovery, adds, "the story so often told, notably in Oxberry's 'Dramatic Biography,' can have no foundation, in fact, whatever!" This is a wonderful piece of logic. Let us follow our present bye-way a little farther. The story of John Palmer's death is perhaps best told by Bowden in his "Memoirs of the Life of John Phillip Kemble, Esq.," published, if we remember rightly, in 1825. He says:—"While we were at rehearsal, Mr. Palmer one morning came upon the stage and took me aside. He said that he could not quit London without, in a particular manner, thanking me for the part of 'Schedoni.' He expressed

his concern that he could not aid me on the present occasion; and with very singular emotion wished that I might always meet with men as sensible to kindness as he himself should ever be. He then wrung me by the hand, and took his leave in haste and in tears . . . I know nothing of the secret anticipations of the mind. Palmer quitted London to return no more, for on the 2nd of August he expired suddenly upon the stage, while acting the character of the 'Stranger,' a play which was then, we may add, newly translated from the German, and in the full zenith of its extraordinary popularity. Bowden adds, "he acted the character of the 'Stranger' with powerful effect, till he came in the third act to the remarkable passage—

"There is another and a better world."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he fell backwards, heaved a convulsive sigh, and immediately expired. He was carried off the stage and surgical aid at once procured, but the veins yielded not a drop of blood. Aickin endeavoured to make the audience acquainted with his death, but was unable to utter a single word. They were informed of their great loss by Incledon. On the 6th of the same month he was buried at Warton (Walton?) a village near Liverpool, and all the coaches that could be obtained followed the hearse." Palmer being, as we may add, one of the most popular actors that ever trod the English stage. On the 12th the Liverpool Theatre gave the performance for the benefit of the dead actor's children, who, in consequence of their father's extravagance—extravagance was the pet vice of his day—had been left in a very helpless position, and an address, written by Mr. Roscoe, was spoken by Mr. Holman. On the 18th of the month this example was followed at the Opera House in London, when was played, for the benefit of the four youngest orphan children, that touching old story of orphans, *The Children in the Wood*, and *The Heir at Law*. When Drury Lane opened on the 15th of the month following, its first night's performance was dedicated to the same generous purpose, and the play of *The Stranger* was performed, with Mrs. Siddons in the part of 'Mrs. Haller,' that of the 'Stranger' being played by Mr. Kemble. A farce followed in which the leading parts were taken by Mrs. Jordan and Banister. These sad and pleasant memories of actors who blended such gentle goodness of heart with their genius and greatness shall not be swept away by little Alexander of Scotland, thirst as he may for new worlds to conquer.

But was it true that the words quoted above were really the last Palmer spoke? We think not, and the best evidence of their not being so is that given by the actor who was playing with Palmer when he fell and expired. A popular dramatic author of that day—Frederick Reynolds who knew Palmer—says: "The publishers of this play—*The Stranger*—after the death of Palmer, are said to have sold fifteen hundred additional copies, the sectarians being the chief purchasers in consequence of the promulgation of a report that the last words of the deceased before he expired were 'There is another and a better world.' Now this passage was instantly, by the methodists, most adroitly confirmed and hawked about the town as a means of enforcing their anti-dramatic tenets, and of convincing their disciples, that it was evidently indicative of a judgment, induced by the impiety of the whole histrionic race; but Mr. Whitfield (not the preacher) who played 'Baron Steinfort' on that memorable occasion, assured me, more than once, than poor Palmer fell before him on the stage, while answering the former's enquiry relative to the 'Stranger' children, and that the following were *positively* his last words—'I left them at a small town hard by.' There are innumerable anecdotes of Palmer extant, which combined give us a very clear idea of his character both on and off the stage. Some of them are very funny ones which may crop up in other bye-ways anon. He was a good-natured, pleasure-loving, careless, elegant and accomplished man. As to his personal appearance—by the bye—we have an engraving of him in the part of George Barnwell, from which you may care to see a sketch.



There is another story connected with poor Palmer's death which is quite as extraordinary, although by no means so well known, as the above. When in London this famous actor was in the habit of visiting the widow of a celebrated comedian and vocalist named Vernon, whose house in Spring Gardens was the favourite resort of actors, authors, artists, and fashionable idlers. Mrs. Vernon was an extremely hospitable and generous woman, and Palmer's handsome exterior, elegant manners, and cultivated mind, made him one of her special favourites, so that when he was engaged at one or other of what were then called the patent theatres, he often made her residence his home, coming and going as freely, and with as little ceremony, as if it were his own. He had a latch-key, and on arriving in town, or leaving the theatre, was in the habit of entering unceremoniously, and without the slightest previous intimation of his visit, ascending to the drawing-room on the first floor, and joining the large and merry party, usually to be found there.

A young man named Tucker was in the employ of Mrs. Vernon; and when the house was full of guests, he slept near the entrance hall, on a portable couch, and he did so on the night of Palmer's sudden death at Liverpool. According to Tucker's statement—by-the-bye, Liston, the comedian, was a great friend of Tucker's, and knew him well—he had gone to bed particularly tired on the night in question, and somewhat earlier than he usually did;

but the company in the drawing-room being numerous, and consequently noisy, he could not sleep, and was in a drowsy, dreamy condition of mind, when, suddenly, something disturbed him, so that he sat half upright in his bed, and looked towards the passage leading to the outer door. Then he saw the figure of a man, whom he recognised as John Palmer. The figure advanced quietly, paused at the foot of Tucker's bed, looked him full in the face without speaking, went on, and ascended the stairs leading to the drawing-room.

Tucker did not feel the least surprised or alarmed. There was nothing strange about the appearance of this figure; nothing unusual in this unexpected arrival, and he concluded that Palmer having suddenly returned from Liverpool, had come to join the rest of his mistress's guests. Tucker merely wondered why Mr. Palmer didn't speak, and wondering more and more vaguely, at length fell asleep.

On the following morning when he met Mrs. Vernon, he told her that he was awake when Mr. Palmer came in, and hoped that the trip to Liverpool had improved his health. She, staring at him strangely, said he must have either been dreaming or sleeping; for, if Mr. Palmer had arrived, he would certainly have come into the drawing-room.

"I saw him go up-stairs," said Tucker, astonished in his turn.

"You must have been drinking, or out of your senses," said she; and when the guests appeared at the breakfast-table, the story was told as a good joke, and very heartily laughed at. That night, in the drawing-room, it was repeated, and although Tucker was unmercifully quizzed and laughed at, he persisted, most obstinately, in asserting that, as sure as he was alive, Mr. Palmer came into that house on the previous night, and went upstairs.

"Where he went to afterwards is more than I can guess," said Tucker; "but I know he came in, and I know that he went upstairs."

The next day brought a letter from Liverpool, which turned their mirth to melancholy, and all their ridicule of Tucker into feelings of bewilderment, or astonishment, or shuddering superstitious awe. Many ghost stories have been told by winter fires and in books, similar precisely to this of Tucker's, but it does not follow that all such stories, therefore, are false, rather the contrary. We never saw a ghost, and we never expect to do so; we hold that, philosophically speaking, all the facts of nature go dead against ghosts, yet—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

and, after all; who knows?

We were just now telling you of the great use made of poor Palmer's last words in the pulpits of the bigots who denounced the stage in that day. Even in our day, when bishops have shaken hands with actors, and theatres are every Sunday turned into places of worship, it is refreshing to meet with such remarks as the following, which we quote from the report of a sermon preached in America by the Rev. C. W. Buck, of Park Street Chapel:—"The theatre will undoubtedly continue to exist and offer its attractions to the public; but its patrons shall determine the character of its attractions, and its influence for good or evil. If you disown and reprobate it as an evil thing, it slinks away into a side street, makes successful appeals to the more depraved classes of society, adapts itself to their tastes, and becomes a source of corruption to taint the whole community. Rather, since it cannot be banished, and since it is not in itself an evil, let it be accepted, improved, and purified. . . . I maintain the claims of a well-conducted theatre as affording facilities for innocent entertainment. I go further, and maintain that the theatre should be supported as a source of public instruction and reformation. As Wesley determined that 'the devil should not have all the good music,' and catching up rollicking tunes wherever found, converted them to sacred song, and put them to prayer-meeting service, so should it be determined not to leave the fascinations of the drama to the service of evil, but to apply them to the reinforcement of good morals. So John Milton wrote, 'Whether eloquence or graceful incitements, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method in theatres, porches, or whatever place or way, may not win upon the people to receive both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult.' The purifying influences of the drama are recognised by Tennyson in the lines—

"Garrick and statelier Kemble and the rest,
Who make a nation better by their art."

"The late lamented Bishop of Norwich made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of Mr. Macready that he might thank him, as a prelate of the church, for the good he had done to society. I shall not attempt to describe in what manner this enlightening and purifying influence of the drama is exercised. That would be to describe the various ways in which imagination, as it 'bodies forth the forms of things unknown,' may bring a subtle ministry to minds and hearts diseased. The strategy of Hamlet conveys an intimation of one of its methods—

"The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King."

"It is imagination," said Napoleon, "that rules the world." The favoured province of imagination is the drama, which offers to our acquaintance some of the most exalted utterances of the human soul; so that people sometimes even search the Scriptures to find inspired sayings from the pages of a play."

From preaching to prize-fighting seems a long jump, yet one short word unites them and that is—Bendigo. This old unconquered champion of the P.R., who for half a century has held his own unconquered against the most powerful bruisers, the dreaded bully of the Nottinghamshire "lambs," the plague of police and magistrates—has in his old age become "converted." After bringing disgrace upon his ancient profession, he is about to try what he can do with a new one; and as, according to an old proverb, the greater the sinner the greater the saint, whatever he may do in his novel calling, Bendigo will certainly be as great or greater as a preacher than he was as a puncher. When we were very little indeed we sat on Bendigo's knee and regarded his flattened nose with greater awe and reverence than we shall ever feel for him as a preacher. He was visiting at our house and he made much of us. In those days a champion of the P.R. was regarded more from the heroic than from the blackguard point of view, and if many of the respectable men, who were then his staunch friends, were afterwards ashamed of having ever taken his hand, or even of having as a child sat upon his knee, Bendigo alone was to blame. Prize-fighters became blackguards when to blackguards prize-fighting was abandoned. It was otherwise when Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, the Dukes of Hamilton and Richmond, with many other men of equal eminence in their day, were members of "The Pugilistic Club," held in Bond Street, in rooms which Angelo, the famous fencing master and amateur actor, previously occupied, and which afterwards fell into the hands of an auctioneer. In these rooms might be seen the most celebrated men of that day with prize-fighters who held themselves to be gentlemen, and were sometimes far more refined in their tastes and feelings than their aristocratic patrons were. Prominent amongst them was John Jackson, the famous pugilist, who was teacher of boxing to His

Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the strongest, most active and finest man of his time. He originated the club, and the Rev. J. Richardson, L.L.B., tells the following anecdote of him:—

"I remember being present at a dinner in a tavern in Duke Street, St. James's. Mr. Jackson was chairman, his supporters on his right and left were the late Lord Panmure (this story was published in 1856) and the famous pedestrian Captain Barclay. Jackson, who was a very temperate man, instead of swallowing a bumper of wine as every toast went round, adroitly jerked the contents over his shoulder. This ingenious manoeuvre was detected by the vigilant eye of the peer, who, after staring at its perpetrator with unaffected amazement, in a whisper volunteered to save him the trouble of repeating the practice, and drank his own wine and that of the chairman for the rest of the evening. At the end of the banquet, Jackson was sober as usual; and, strange to add, Lord Panmure appeared to be but little the worse for his good-nature and double potations."

While on this subject—by the bye—we may quote a curious bet we met with in an old number of the *Lancet* (1826). It runs as follows:—

"Yesterday morning (June 26th) a grand 'set to' took place between Tom Russell and another 'lad of the fancy,' both patients here. At the commencement betting was even, but after the second round Russell's opponent was the favourite, and 3 to 1 was readily taken by the dressers and nurses. The eighth round decided the point, and Tom was fairly thrashed, his antagonist having 'queered one ogle.' Tom was floored, and in the fall *broke his leg*. This is no joke."

In a new and very interesting work just published by Bentley, "The Great Tone Poets," by F. Crowest, we chanced to alight upon an anecdote of Vestris, which, for a reason, we have, here follows. In the opinion of this "god of dancing" there were but three truly great men in Europe, and these, as he would often with singular modesty say, were "Vestris, Voltaire, and Frederick of Prussia. When Glück, the great musical composer, introduced an adaptation in French of his famous "Orpheus," Vestris said to him with dignity—

"Write me the music of a chacone, Monsieur Glück."

"A chacone!" exclaimed the indignant composer, "do you think the Greeks, whose manners we are endeavouring to depict, knew what a chacone was?"

"Did they not?" asked the dancer, incredulously, adding with a look of astonishment, "then they are much to be pitied!"

As to our reason for the above it rests on the mere fact that we have an old French caricature of Vestris of which our next illustration is a rough sketch.

By way of conclusion a word of advice—it is for Mr. Fairlie—he who took the leg case into court, and it is merely to recommend him to abstain from looking into the country papers for short time as he may thereby preserve as much peace of mind as the late trial may have spared. A Bradford paper—the *Observer*, says:—

"The jury lost no time in siding with the defendant in the case, and in doing so they have dealt another and an effectual blow at stage demoralisation. Our own opinion of *Vert-Vert* was not unimpassioned expressed when Mr. Fairlie brought his army of feminines down to Bradford, St. George's Hall being the arena chosen for the exhibition of their "charms;" and we are glad that the law has been strong enough to uphold a bold expression of opinion uttered by *Vanity Fair* in regard to the piece, and the manner in which it was represented. It is not so much a question of length of dress that we are concerned with in cases of this kind as it is a question of artistic license. If short dresses



had been the only impropriety that degraded the stage it would have been a simple matter to have dealt with; but, short dresses or long dresses, when the intention exists with actresses or managers to pander to grosser tastes, costume is no safeguard. The simple fact is that the stage has of late years been overrun with a class of actresses who have had nothing whatever to recommend them to notice but their shameless impudence. Without a spark of intelligence, without the least natural instinct for dramatic personation, they have been permitted to occupy the stage—and especially the metropolitan stage—to the exclusion of its rightful possessors. And no earthly reason can be assigned for their usurpation than the disgraceful one that they are willing to go as nearly unclothed and be as indecent in their gestures as the law would allow them to be.



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Our Captops Critic.



AMONG THE MUSIC HALLS.

When the music-hall was established a great national want was supplied. The Briton pined for some such institution. He is seldom permitted to retain ungratified desires. The caterer is always at hand with the cure just suited to his complaint. I do not profess, in the few observations which I am about to make, to describe the genesis of the truly national institution under discussion. I am not far wide of the mark however, when I say that its projectors had in contemplation the satisfaction of two wants. The first was a sufficiently laudable one. The second was considerably less so. In the first place then it was proposed to provide for the working man an entertainment more suited to his tastes, and more commensurate with his income than any to be found at temples licensed by the Magister Jocorum. He was to have songs written and sung by persons coming from his own line of life. The upper classes would be satirised in a scathing manner. And the slang of his native lane would pervade the compositions rendered for his delectation. Moreover he would be permitted—should he so choose, and he does so choose as a rule—to smoke tobacco during the entire performance, and to swill unlimited beer at public-house prices. The wife of his bosom might accompany him in this chaste entertainment, and partake of the husband's porter out of the husband's pewter. And now of what classes consisted the second portion of the audiences to be gratified by the music-hall. People are beginning to speak out now. The luxury has only recently been allowed to us, and it behoves us, while the atmosphere is clear, and the public anxious for the overthrow of places established for the promotion of vice, to speak out in tolerably intelligible Saxon that which is in them. The second portion of the music-hall audience then consists of shop-girls, shop-boys, betting men *et hoc genus omne*. If any music-hall proprietor should happen to read this article he will doubtless deny with much energy the statement. But denials are useless in the face of a general experience. Indeed denials were impossible but for the fact that the general experience has not been expressed. Therefore to the music-hall proprietor, who is usually a highly respectable person living in a genteel suburb and driving excellent cattle, I have to say—"Sir! you keep a house at which assignations are made all the more easily because your brandy is poison and your wine drugged. That which less largely advertised individuals do for a wealthier constituency you effect for counter-jumpers and solicitors' clerks." I would like it to be clearly understood that I cast no slur on the young gentlemen following the pursuits I have indicated. But they have small incomes. Their sedentary occupations and long hours of drudgery render them less wide awake and more susceptible. They call for both pity and protection. As for the lower class of betting men which also affects the music-hall, it is wily and wide-awake and has money withal. It is to be found here chiefly because the style of entertainment is more suited to its limited intellect than any to be found elsewhere. It will finish the night in the immediate vicinity of the Haymarket. I have now indicated the mixed nature of a music-hall audience.

But the entertainment provided for this somewhat mixed gathering, this congregation of fustian virtue and gaudily dressed vice, is worthy of attention. I shall not mention any particular establishment, because proprietors, wise in their generation, can construe almost anything into a "press notice." But it is possible that I may mention one or two of the stars who sing at them, conscious that nothing I will write is at all likely to be mentioned by them.



The Chairman.

The first object of interest in a music-hall is the chairman, who sits with his back to the stage. He is a person usually gifted with a voice, and varies in age from twenty-five to sixty-five. He is provided with a hammer which serves a double purpose. It calls attention to the performers as they come upon the stage, and leads the applause that follows them as they go off. He is usually surrounded by a circle of loudly attired cads, who think they are men of the world patronising an artist, as they order the rum and water upon which their idol invariably becomes semi-intoxicated before the conclusion of the ceremonies. He is a man with a powerful voice. His phrasing, however, is peculiar. So is his pronunciation. His announcements of a coming singer, therefore,

are unintelligible save to the initiated. They would read something like this—"Lays AND gen; Miss Baaaa will nex obige!" But the chairman is, as a rule, an inoffensive if not contemptible creature. I will leave him therefore to inhale the choice incense of his brilliant satellites. Soon may they cease to coruscate!

Not so easily shall the chief attraction of the music-hall be allowed to drop. That blatant combination of vulgarity and vice is probably the most horrible product of the nineteenth century. I have long endeavoured to find some ancestor of his in the page of history. The search is a vain one. He is our own. If the generation can boast of no other achievement it can at least assert that it evolved the STAR COMIQUE. The grave objection to this so-called artist is the indecency of his words. What miserable hack is responsible for his dirty *double entendre*, his vile allusion, his vicious suggestion, I know not. But the point given to the words by wink, by gesture, by smirk, that is all his own. Utterly without wit, or humour, or recommendation of any kind, the compositions are nevertheless hailed with frantic delight by excited audiences. I cannot give quotations from the songs to which I allude. They are unfit for publication. But I assert that I have heard a well-known comic star sing in the presence of women and children words only less disgusting than his unctuous delivery of them. I refrain from publishing the gifted individual's name. We live in a time when such an announcement would increase his business, and probably subject the proprietors of this paper to an action for libel. He has engagements at all the principal music-halls. He drives from place to place in what he is pleased to call a brougham, and his coachman is arrayed in what he is pleased to call a livery. He is the idol of that numerous and unpenurious drinker of beer and smoker of British cigars, who dresses himself in astracan collars, fur cuffs, green ties, wide brimmed hat worn on the side of the head, and hair brushed into a lump behind reeking of pomatum. The creature with the staring pattern on trousers abnormally wide about the ankle. The persistent dropper of h's. The utterly abandoned and most deservedly abominated snob. This is the creature who idolises the Star Comique, who leers at the painted hussy beside him when the idol says something peculiarly suggestive, who lifts his glass of bitter, and joins feelingly in a chorus that extends the praises of sparkling wine. His very existence is an offence. He is out of harmony with the universe. He is as the beasts that perish, and his name is usually 'Arry. As the Star Comique assists his weak intellect—incapable of originality even in vice to compass immoralities—so the Star Comique affords him an example of "form." The Star Comique is supposed to be dressing at the West End swell. 'Arry dresses at the Star Comique. The Star Comique is supposed to present the manners and bearing as well as the costume of the better classes. Here, too, he influences his following. Oh! my music-hall 'Arry, what a silly, contemptible, irrepressible noodle you are to be sure. And what a very unpleasant god you have set up to worship.

souls to save. The scenes to be witnessed now in some music-halls, where women and children are subjected to athletic cruelties, ought to make us ashamed of ourselves. It is said—but I presume the saying is one of the current jokes—that there are certain paid authorities who have control over the exhibitions presented to music-hall patrons. If they exist, they certainly display a criminal neglect of duty.



A little Martyr.

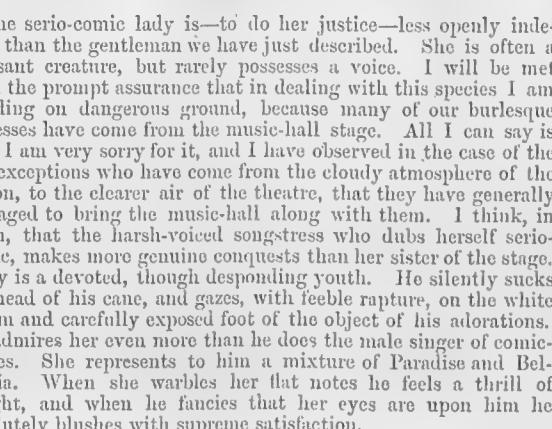
These are the chief features in a music-hall performance. Here and there is to be found a performer of artistic instincts, and a certain knowledge of the stage. But such a one is received with small favour. The viciously-vulgar, or the vulgarly-vicious having it all their own way. They receive the noisy plaudits of their beery admirers. The march of intellect which in the Nineteenth Century has become a double-quick march, produces strange and unsightly things, such as our forefathers could never have regarded with kindly glances. Of these strange institutions the most dreadful is the music-hall.

THE LATE MR. JOHN SCOTT.

At this season of the year when the ancient hospitalities of Whitewall will be in the recollection of many of our readers, we cannot do better than present our readers with a portrait of Old John Scott, whose well-known figure was so familiar during a long course of years to every frequenter of the race-course, training-ground, or sale ring. One of John Scott's customs (and a most seasonal custom it was), was to send to his familiars a Christmas hamper, containing game pies, hams, geese, turkeys, and heaven knows what other homely delicacies. An offering which poor "Argus" was wont annually to acknowledge by a florid paragraph in the Post. Mr. John Scott died full of years, and (we may add) of honours at Whitewall, on Oct. 4, 1871, and a few days later the following notice appeared of him in the *Illustrated London News*:—"Few who saw this famous trainer at Doncaster, proud of the condition in which he had brought Général to the St. Leger post, though naturally disappointed that the horse could only run fourth, were prepared to hear of his somewhat sudden death, which took place on Wednesday, Oct. 4, from an attack of acute bronchitis. Still he had reached the ripe age of seventy-seven; and, though his father lived to be ninety-eight, he could not have had a life of such unceasing anxiety as the 'Wizard of the North,' a name to which his innumerable triumphs fairly entitled him."

"John Scott was born near Newmarket on Nov. 8, 1794. His father was a well-known trainer, and he and his brother William, the eminent jockey, were educated in the home stable. After serving several employers for short periods, he joined his brother in assisting Croft, who was then the first trainer in England, and soon afterwards came south in charge of Filho da Puta, who was matched with Sir Joshua. This trip was the making of him, for Mr. Houldsworth purchased 'Filho' after his race, and took Scott with him to Mansfield as his private trainer. There he remained ten years, with only moderate horses under his care; though, indeed, he once ran second for the Leger. But in 1825 he moved to Malton, and then commenced his brilliant series of triumphs. They are far too numerous to recapitulate, as they include several Derbys, and not less than sixteen St. Legers. He thought nothing, indeed, of winning the latter race for two or three years in succession; and the first of the sixteen was carried off by the pretty little Matilda, who just beat Maneluke, owing to the latter showing temper at the start and losing many lengths. Rowton and The Colonel also won this same race for Mr. Petre, who then retired from the turf. Touchstone was Mr. Scott's next St. Leger winner, and then Mr. Bowes' colours became so formidable, and Mundig in the 'all black' secured the first Derby for Whitewall. Fortune now seemed permanently settled at Malton, for Don John, Launcelot, and Satirist secured the 'white ribbon' in quick succession, and Attila and Cotherstone took two more Derbys to the north. These victories were followed up by those of The Baron, Newmister, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, the first winner of the 'treble event.' Impérise and The Marquis were the most famous of the horses trained by Scott during recent years; but no man could have won great events with the very moderate animals that have been at Malton of late—indeed, it was wonderful to note the successes he achieved by engaging them judiciously. It must have been a great satisfaction to him to have received, within the last few weeks, a handsome testimonial from the Duke of Hamilton in token of the wonders he had worked with the delicate Général."

"John Scott was universally respected by his brother trainers, and it is generally conceded that he had scarcely an equal in his profession. His hospitality was unbounded, and the poor of Malton will feel his death deeply. He was twice married, and leaves a son and several daughters."



'Arry.

The serio-comic lady is—to do her justice—less openly indecent than the gentleman we have just described. She is often a pleasant creature, but rarely possesses a voice. I will be met with the prompt assurance that in dealing with this species I am treading on dangerous ground, because many of our burlesque actresses have come from the music-hall stage. All I can say is that I am very sorry for it, and I have observed in the case of the few exceptions who have come from the cloudy atmosphere of the saloon, to the clearer air of the theatre, that they have generally managed to bring the music-hall along with them. I think, in truth, that the harsh-voiced songstress who dubs herself serio-comic, makes more genuine conquests than her sister of the stage. 'Arry is a devoted, though desponding youth. He silently sucks the head of his cane, and gazes, with feeble rapture, on the white bosom and carefully exposed foot of the object of his adorations. He admires her even more than he does the male singer of comicities. She represents to him a mixture of Paradise and Belgravia. When she warbles her flat notes he feels a thrill of delight, and when he fancies that her eyes are upon him he absolutely blushes with supreme satisfaction.

No music-hall is now considered complete in its programme unless there be introduced a skilful contortionist, or so, and a performer on the flying trapeze. These athletes are very well in their way when they are of the male sex and have arrived at years of maturity. When they are women, or when they are poor little children, I cannot understand any human being witnessing their evolutions without indignation. We are the happy livers in a time when there is a great deal of Christianity about. The comfort and well-being of the very dogs and horses are looked after by societies supported by subscriptions supplied by the virtuous. But is there no cruelty to human animals practised night after night for the edification of the lowest classes in the community? You talk to me of the vast strides we have made in civilisation within recent decades. How we have put down cock-fighting, and ruined the prospects of bull-baiters. How the noble art of self-defence has been vehemently discouraged, and the packing of Christmas turkeys looked after by intelligent inspectors thereto appointed. It appears, however, to my illogical mind, that the immense amount of precaution taken to secure the ease of brutes and feathered bipeds might, with advantage, be exercised in favour of human beings, popularly supposed to have

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*, "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*, "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*, "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*, "I have never used so efficient a ball."—John Scott, N.B.—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be had of all chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

THE ELEPHANT AND ITS VARIETIES, WITH HINTS UPON ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

THE elephant-hunter, to be successful in his calling, must have a thorough knowledge of the nature and habits of that sagacious animal, whose keenly developed senses far exceed those of any other denizen of the forest; he must be well acquainted with its peculiar structure and anatomy, or his bullet, however true, will never reach a vital part with any certainty; he must be an adept at "tracking," or following spoor, with a silent foot, and in understanding *jungle signs*, which art is only acquired by constant study and long practice; he must be patient and enduring, satisfied with hard fare, short commons, and terrible thirst, as he will often have to subsist wholly upon his gun, with the ground for his bed, and a forest-tree for his canopy. In following up spoor he must be prepared to encounter considerable hardship and fatigue, weary marches and counter-marches, days of intense heat and damp cheerless nights, painfully diversified. He should feel that "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and "society where none intrudes;" for he must often be content with Nature and his own thoughts as companions, and he must not let his spirits be depressed by the solitude and intense stillness of the deep jungle. The hunter must sleep like a hare, always on the alert, ever prepared and watchful; for he never knows what he may meet, or the danger a moment may bring forth. Inured to peril, he must never be cast down or faint of heart; or he had better not attempt to follow up the spoor of the elephant to his haunts in the dense, deep jungle, where the rays of the sun seldom penetrate, and the woodman's axe was never heard—where the deadliest of fevers lurk in places the most beautiful to the eye; and where, with the exception of certain times in the year, the air and the water are poisoned by malaria, and impregnated by the exhalations of decayed leaves and decomposed vegetable matter, entailing certain death to the hunter, were he tempted to follow up his perilous calling out of season.

In Southern India, sometimes herds of elephants are tempted to roam, and leave their homes in the deep jungle to devastate the sugar-cane plantations and rice-fields of the ryots, where they commit great damage; and on such occasions the sportsman is enabled to get amongst them without being obliged to penetrate the dense forests so pernicious to health. In Africa elephants are found alike on open plains as well as in the deepest forest, and I have found spoor denoting their presence in the most inaccessible places on the ridges of high mountain ranges.

The General Character.—My own experience leads me to believe that the elephant—whether of the Indian or African species—in his wild state is naturally a harmless, quiet, shy, and inoffensive animal, as I have frequently watched large herds of these huge beasts for hours together in their own domains, and never saw them assume the offensive, or evince any disposition to attack or molest other animals, such as hog, deer, antelope, or hippopotami, that might be feeding near them. On the contrary, I have seen an old boar successfully dispute the right of way

with a herd of five elephants, and, by charging at their legs, drive them away from that part of the pool where his porcine family were drinking. It seemed ridiculous to see these unwieldy monsters shuffle away with cries expressive of terror, as if utterly unconscious of their own immense superiority of strength.

In their native haunts, Nature has provided for them such a rich profusion of food that their wants lead to no rivalry with the other animals: they are not compelled, like those of the carnivorous species, to resort to device in order to obtain subsistence, and the consequence is that they rarely have occasion to exercise the extraordinary sagacity with which they are gifted, but roam listlessly about the forest, every action bespeaking inoffensive indulgence and timidity combined with wary caution. Should they discover the intrusion of man in their domains, they rarely evince any disposition to become the assailant, and although the herd may number a score, and the hunter be all alone, they will fly his presence with the greatest precipitation. Even when wounded and rendered desperate, they are naturally so awkward,

unwieldy, and utterly unaccustomed to use their gigantic strength offensively, that in a tree forest, clear of underwood, they are not difficult to escape from, provided the hunter keeps his head cool and is tolerably active.

The Social Habits.—A herd of Indian elephants is not a group that accident, or attachment, may have induced to associate together, but a family often consisting of more than fifty members, including grandfather, grandmothers, mothers, sons, and daughters; and

and when charging an assailant, changes into a hoarse roar or terrific scream. The fourth sound betokens dissatisfaction, or distress, frequently repeated when separated from the herd, tired, hungry, or over-loaded, which may be thus imitated, "*urumph, urumph.*"

The skin of the elephant is very sensitive, and at certain times of the year, when a district is infested by the tsetse fly, a whole herd will coat themselves with mud to protect themselves, as

much as possible, from the bite of that poisonous insect. In the forests they frequent, a kind of large horsefly, also, gives them incessant annoyance; and, consequently, the elephant is rarely ever still; for the ears flap, the tail switches, the body sways to and fro, the trunk is continually on the move, whilst the legs are in perpetual motion, rubbing one against the other, to ward off the attacks of these malevolent torments. Should an elephant, however, be suddenly alarmed, or become suspicious, on account of some slight deviation from the common order of things, or should he detect the taint in the air denoting the presence of man, he will remain motionless as a statue, with his great ears extended, so as to drink in the slightest sound, for hours at a time.

The olfactory organs of the elephant are developed to an extraordinary degree, for their scent is so acute that I have known a troop of

elephants, when on the way to their usual drinking-place at night, halt and turn back without quenching their thirst, because they detected the taint in the imprints of men's footsteps who had passed along the path in the previous forenoon; when they must have been, at least, twelve hours old. Their sense of hearing is also extremely acute, and they can detect unusual sounds in the forest at much greater distances than any other animal. The comparatively small size of the eye seems to protect it from being injured as the elephant forces his way through the bush, and it is furnished with a nictitating membrane, which enables it to free itself from dust, dirt, or insects that may accidentally have got in. Small as the eye appears, there is no deficiency of sight, although the range does not extend above the level of the head,

or to any great distance; however, his delicate sense of hearing and his remarkably acute smell amply compensate for his somewhat limited vision.

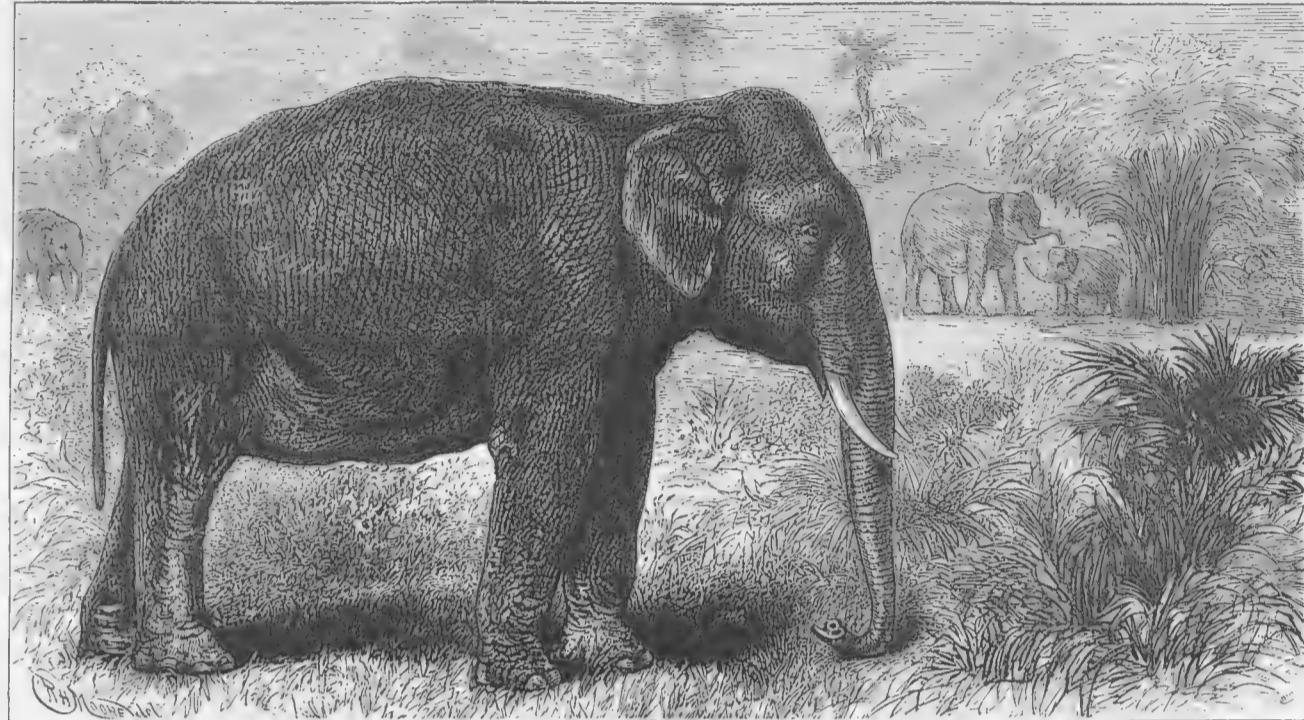
The usual pace of an elephant, when undisturbed and browsing, is an indolent, swinging kind of walk, the body swaying from side to side with the motion of the legs; but if he is under marching orders, and travelling to a fresh pasture, he quickens his gait, and he gets over the ground at the rate of quite five miles an hour. When alarmed, he shuffles along at a kind of ambling pace; which, for a short distance, exceeds twelve miles an hour, although it never equals in speed the gallop of a moderately fast horse on open ground. The Indian variety is far less speedy and enduring than the African. The former soon gets blown and stops. For a creature of such huge size and ponderous weight it is inconceivable how stealthily and noise-

lessly he can get through the forest if he chooses, without either breaking a twig or causing a dry leaf to rustle. From the spongy formation of the sole of his foot, his tread is exceedingly light and quite inaudible. In soft sand, where a horse would sink up to his fetlocks every stride, the spoor of an elephant would be hardly perceptible.

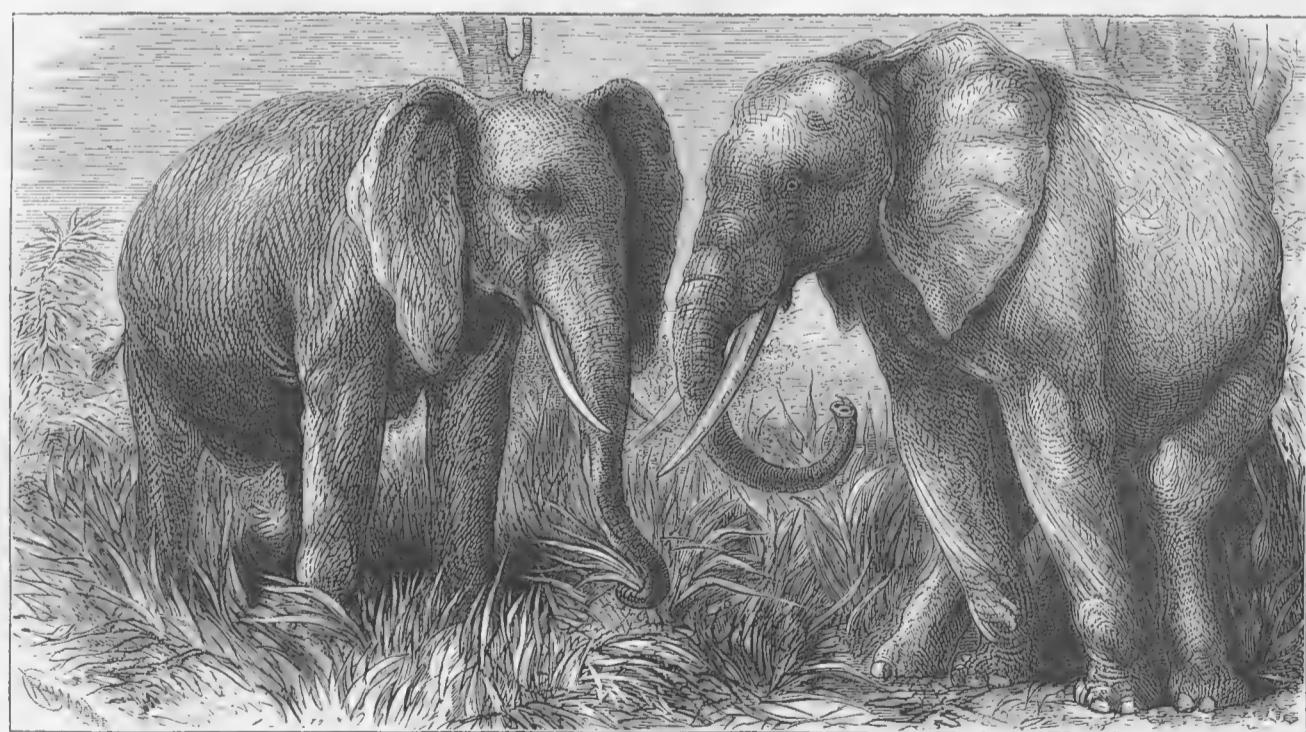
The Difference between the Indian and the African Elephant.—The Indian and the African elephant differ most essentially, not only in their general appearance, the shape of the head, the formation of their teeth, the curvature of the spine, and the size of their ears, but also in their habits. By placing their different descriptions in juxtaposition, the chief distinctions between the two species will be better understood by the reader.

The Indian Variety.
The Indian elephant has a high concave forehead, channelled in the centre, the facial line being almost perpendicular with the ground when the animal is moving.

The African Variety.
The African elephant has a low, receding forehead, the skull being convex from the root of the trunk to the back of the head.



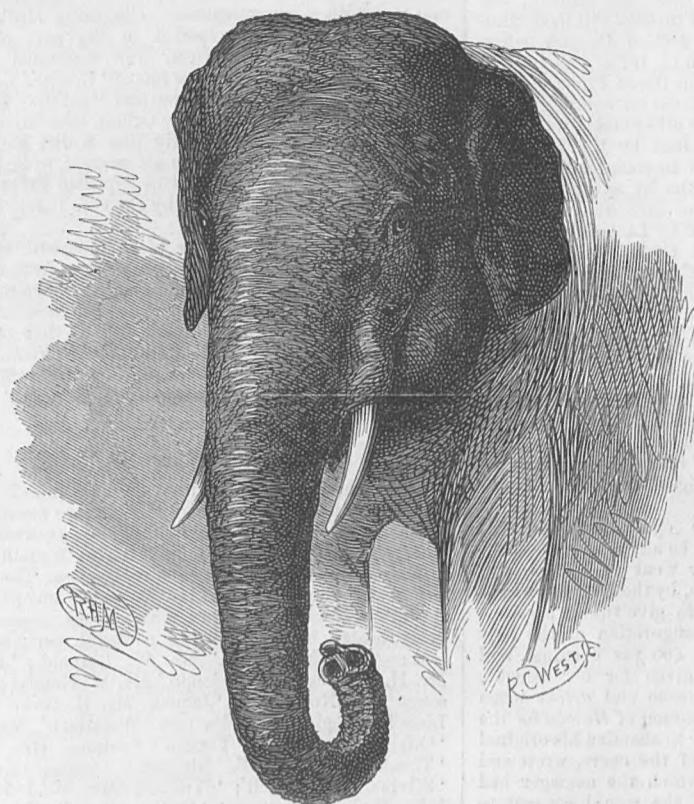
INDIAN WILD ELEPHANT.



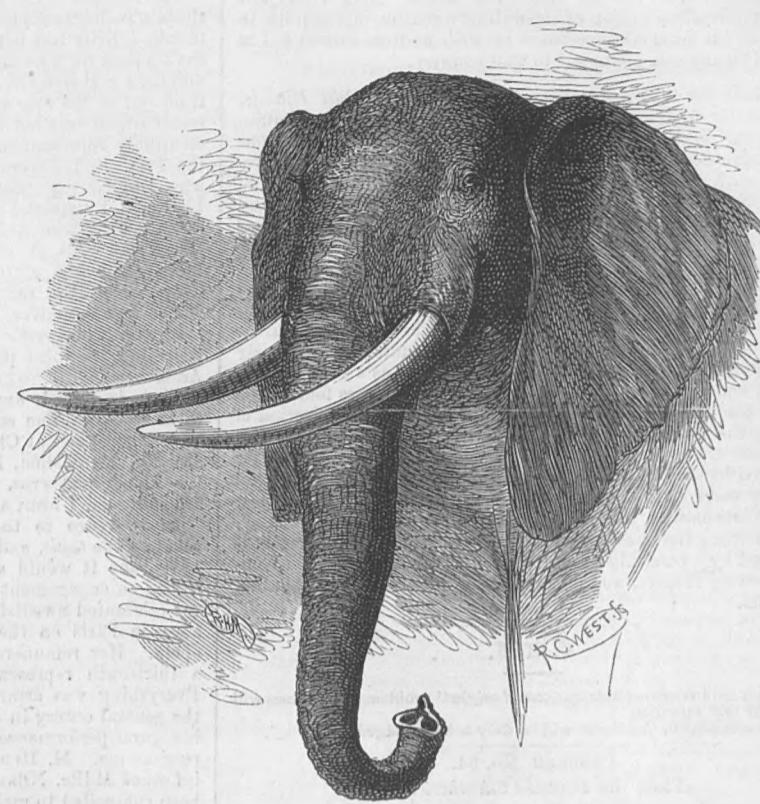
AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

female who bore no family resemblance to the rest of the troop, and was evidently an outsider. If a young bull cannot find his family, or is turned out of the herd for precociousness, not an uncommon occurrence, he either attacks the leader of another herd, and fights for the supremacy, or becomes a "rogue." These "rogues," or outcasts, lead a solitary life, and gradually become morose, vicious, and desperately cunning. One member of the herd, usually the largest tusker, but sometimes an energetic and strong-minded female, is, by common consent, implicitly followed and obeyed as leader, and it is wonderful to observe the devotion of the herd to their elected chief.

Elephants utter four distinct sounds, each of which is indicative of a certain meaning. The first is a shrill whistling noise produced by blowing through the trunk, which denotes satisfaction. The second is the note of alarm, or surprise, a sound made by the mouth, which may be thus imitated, "*pr-rut, pr-rut.*" The third is the trumpeting noise they make when angry, which, when they are very much enraged,



HEAD OF AN INDIAN ELEPHANT.



HEAD OF AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

THE INDIAN VARIETY.

The back of the Indian elephant is convex.

The ears are very small, and do not hang lower than the chin.

The tusks are set wide apart in the head, and are long in comparison with their diameter, being often gracefully curved. They rarely weigh over 100 lbs., even in the largest bull elephants, which are found in the Wynnaad forests.

The females have only small, straight tusks, that rarely weigh more than 8 lbs.

The brain of the Indian elephant is placed somewhat higher than in the African species, and it is not difficult to reach, provided the hunter understands the anatomy of the skull, as there are six vulnerable spots by which the cerebrum can be penetrated with a hardened bullet, if fired at from a proper angle. They are as follows:—

First, the forehead shot, as it is called, when the hunter, getting to within fifteen paces from his game, aims at the shield-shaped depression just over the root of the trunk and in a direct line with two prominent points of bone, some 6 inches above the line of the eyes. At this spot the bone of the skull is soft and honeycombed, and the bullet, taking an upward course, passes between the cartilaginous substance and muscles that encase the roots of the trunk, penetrates the brain, and causes instantaneous death. The Indian elephant hunter prefers this shot to any other, but it is not always obtainable, as when an elephant charges, the vulnerable spot is more or less concealed, and defended by his uplifted trunk. For the forehead shot to be effective, the hunter must be right in front of the elephant, and not more than twenty paces distant, otherwise the brain will be missed.

The next most vulnerable points for the hunter to aim at are the temples, when, if the hunter firing from a short distance, so that his bullet takes an upward course, aims just between the eye and the ear, the brain will be penetrated, and the animal drops, or rather sinks, to the ground stone dead. The temple shot is most effective when the position of the hunter is in advance and to the right or left of the elephant.

When the hunter is pursuing an elephant he may sometimes get a fair shot at the point where the lower part of the ear is joined to the head, and if his bullet is accurately planted in this spot, it will either prove immediately fatal, or, at any rate, drop the elephant and render him temporarily unconscious, when a second shot in the temple will give him a quietus.

The sixth vulnerable spot in an elephant's head can only be obtained when the hunter is pursuing an elephant down the side of a steep hill, or if he is on a rock above him, when, if he aims so that his bullet strikes the back part of the skull, just above where it joins the vertebrae of the neck, the shot will prove immediately fatal.

A shot, fired from the right or left rear, just behind the shoulder-blade, often proves mortal provided the projectile is hardened, and driven with a large charge of powder.

The Indian elephant generally frequents the same tract of jungle, rarely travelling more than 20 miles in a day, and if vigorously chased or followed up, soon shows signs of fatigue.

THE AFRICAN VARIETY.

The back of the African elephant is concave.

The ears are immensely large, completely covering the shoulder when laid flat against the side.

The tusks are set in the head very close together, being held in their place by a mass of bone and cartilage, in which the roots are imbedded to a depth of at least two feet. The largest tusk I have ever seen, a single one, weighed 226 lbs., and is now to be seen in front of a cutler's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

The females have small, straight tusks, weighing from 10 to 20 lbs.

The brain of the African elephant is situated behind the mass of bone and cartilage in which the tusks are firmly imbedded, consequently the forehead shot is rarely effective.

Again, the bone of the skull recedes, and is much harder and denser in substance than in the Indian species; besides which, the tusks almost join about the level of the eyes, and with the cartilaginous substance in which they are set most effectively protect the brain.

This is also placed somewhat lower than in the Indian elephant, and is consequently more difficult to reach.

That the African elephant can be killed in the same manner as the Indian variety by the fore-hand shot, when fired at from an elevation, I know from personal experience in several instances, but inasmuch as the tusks and their encasement to a great extent protect the brain, it is a very hazardous shot to try on level ground in the open, as on several occasions I have seen the most accurately planted bullets produce very little effect, not even stopping or stunning the animal fired at. Mr. Henry Faulkner, of the 16th Lancers, who has had much experience in elephant shooting both in India and Africa, states that he has frequently killed African elephants by a single bullet in the forehead, and I have heard many Boers say that they have done the same thing with their roabs, some of which carry projectiles nearly a quarter of a pound in weight. Still, I look upon it as haphazard work, and bad policy to attempt.

The most vulnerable parts of the skull of the African elephant are the temples, and a bullet entering between the eyes and the upper point of the ear will generally penetrate the brain. This is my favourite shot, and latterly I rarely pulled trigger at an elephant until I had so manoeuvred as to get a fair chance of planting a bullet in this deadly spot. I have often found it quite as effective with the African elephant as the front shot is in the Indian species, having on several occasions killed my game with a single shot.

The African elephant is often killed by a single ball skilfully planted just behind the ear, and again, by the Boer's favourite shot behind the shoulder, the "dood plek," but the hunter must take care to reserve his shot until the fore-arm is advanced well forward, so that his bullet will not be turned aside in its course to the heart, by glancing off the hard shank bone. I have also often killed elephants instantaneously when posted on an elevation, such as a high rock commanding a ravine or defile, by firing from above either at the top of the forehead, or at the back part of the skull, just where the head joins on the neck.

The African elephant is migratory, and changes his ground continually, as forage becomes scarce or exhausted.

Large bodies of African elephants, consisting often of several herds, in

THE INDIAN VARIETY.

Indian elephants rarely forsake the forest for the open country, except when tempted to make mighty inroads in the rice-fields, and even then they always return to their jungle haunts on the first approach of dawn. During the intense heat of the day, they resort to the deepest shade they can find, and at this time may often be found fast asleep, or indolently fanning themselves with the branches of trees.

Indian elephants live chiefly on different kinds of herbage, and the young shoots of the bamboo, and may be considered as essentially grass-eating animals. They are also particularly partial to rice, Indian corn, or, indeed, any other kind of grain, and commit great damage in cultivated tracts near their haunts in the forest.

The Indian species is gregarious, the old bulls often remaining with their families, consisting of females with their calves, and young males, nearly all the year round.

The following are the dimensions of the largest Indian elephant I ever saw, which was killed on the Burton and myself on the Annamullai Hills.

	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Height at shoulder	10 8	
Height of head	11 10	
Greatest girth	15 0	
Circumference of fore-arm	4 10	
Circumference round fore-foot	4 8	
Length from ridge on top of head along the spine..	10 10	
Length of tusks	5 10	
Circumference of tusks	1 8	
Weight of tusks	183 lbs.	
Breadth between points of tusks	3 ft. 8 in.	

Reviews.

The Highlands of Central India. By the late Captain James Forsyth, Bengal Staff Corps. (Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly, London). It is with great pleasure that we welcome a second edition of this valuable and interesting work upon the forests, wild tribes, natural history, and sports of Central India, as it is unquestionably by far the best description of the hill ranges that has as yet appeared. The author, one of the most promising officers in the Indian army, now—alas for his friends—no more, was for some years a Conservator of Forests in the central provinces of India, during which time he accumulated an immense amount of information about the Satpura Hills, a part of the country that was very little known, being more or less covered with dense jungle. This mountainous region extends for a distance of 400 miles with an average width of about 80, and several of the great rivers of India have their primary sources on this elevated region, pouring their waters into the sea on either side of the peninsula. To the north the Son makes its way and commingles its waters with the Ganges, to the east the Mahanadi flows independently to the Bay of Bengal, to the south rise some of the principal feeders of the Godavery, and to the west the Narbudda and Taptee take almost parallel courses to the Arabian Gulf. If the reader will seek the head waters of these rivers on the map, he will find the region the author so vividly describes: "there the traveller will find himself in a region where all is chaos; where hill after hill of the same wild and undefined character are piled together; where the streams appear to run in all directions at once; and it will not be until he has traversed the whole region, or closely studied a map, that some method will begin to evolve itself, and the geography become plain. He will find that about 1,000 feet above the plain, that is of about 2,000 feet above the sea, the hills have a tendency to spread out in the form of plateaux; some comprising the top of only one hill and a small area; others like a group of many hills which support, like buttresses, on their summits, large level or undulating plains. From these again he will find, shooting up still higher, a good many other solitary flat-topped hills reaching the

height of nearly 3,500 feet; some of which in a like manner unite into plateaux at about the same elevation. Yet higher than these, but never assuming the character of a plateau, he will see here and there a peak rising to nearly 5,000 feet above the sea."

This district remained unexplored up to a very recent period; for so lately as 1853, when the great trigonometrical survey of India had been at work for half a century, Sir Erskine Perry, addressing the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, wrote:—

"At present the Gondwana highlands and jungles comprise such a large tract of unexplored country, that they form quite an oasis in our maps." Till within a few years "unexplored" was written across vast tracts in our best maps; and although lying at our very doors, unexplored in reality they were. With few exceptions, the civil officers of those days never dreamed of penetrating the hilly portions of their charges; and the writer is acquainted with one district containing some 3,000 square miles of forest country, and inhabited by between 30,000 and 40,000 aborigines, in which one officer held charge for eleven years without having once put foot within this enormous territory. All accounts of such tracts were filtered through Hindoo or Mahomedan subordinates, whose horror of a jungle and its unknown terrors of bad air and water, wild beasts, and general discomfort is such to ensure their painting the country in the blackest of colours.

In January 1862, Captain Forsyth received orders to explore the Pach murree hills, which are a block of the Satpura range previously described, and the centre of the country of the Gonds and Korkus, the aborigines of the forests. He thus writes:—"On the 11th January I bade adieu to the pretty little station of Jubbulpoor, and to my comrades of the 25th Punjabees. I was really sorry to see the last of the jovial, manly company of Sikhs who composed the regiment, one of the first of the force that rose on the ruins of the Bengal army in 1857. But soldiering in India in time of peace, is truly one of the dreariest of occupations, and I confess I was far from doleful at the prospect of quitting the bondage of parade routine for the free life of the forest, and to think that—

"No barbarous drums shall be my 'wakening rude,
The jungle cock shall crow my sweet reveille.'"

For nearly five years he remained in charge of this wild district, exploring every hill and valley, and waging incessant war against the denizens of the forest, which hunting adventures are most graphically described in his most interesting narrative. In the course of his rambles he made the acquaintance of every wild animal of the forest, and his accurate delineations of their character show that, besides being "a master in wood craft," he was a naturalist of no mean order. Round the head waters of the Mana tributary of the Taptee river he found bison, sambur, and bears very numerous, and in the Betul district he killed several tigers, besides a great quantity of game, including nilghan, barra siuga, spotted deer, wild buffalo, antelope, and leopards. Wherever he went he ingratiated himself amongst the wild tribes of his district, and from them he gained much valuable information of the character and habits of the other inhabitants of the forest. His book, which is admirably written from the first page to the last, teems with valuable information of the most practical kind, and without doubt it is the most accurate and trustworthy account of central India that has yet appeared. To the sportsman who contemplates visiting India, it will prove a most useful guide and hand-book of natural history, and the engravings which are admirably executed represent almost every description of large game found in the central provinces. In conclusion, this work should be in the library of everyone who takes delight in "moving incidents by flood and field," and who loves to read thrilling adventures of wild life described by one who was himself a famous sportsman, and a master in forest lore.

Past Days in India, or, Sporting Reminiscences in the Valley of the Soane and the Basin of Singrowlee. By a late Customs House Officer of the N.W. Province of India. (Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly). This work is a pleasantly written narrative of the doings of six Anglo-Indians, whilst on a two months' holiday tour in the Valley of the Soane, a famous sporting country, abounding in most kinds of Indian game. The author, who appears to have been president of the party and master of the hunt, gives a somewhat humourous account of each day's sport, and of the various incidents that occurred whilst they were upon the line of march; but, inasmuch as most of the members were novices in woodcraft their hunting adventures were of rather commonplace order, and perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is the description of the cunning doings of a most elephant, belonging

to one of the Mirzapore Rajahs, who was driven mad by the ill-treatment of his mahout or driver, whom he killed, and who was recaptured after having been at large for several weeks, during which time he killed a ranee and became the terror of the district as he attacked every one he met. The author gives a very fair and interesting description of the ordinary routine of camp life in India, and his detailed experience in such matters cannot fail to be useful to any one going out to that country.

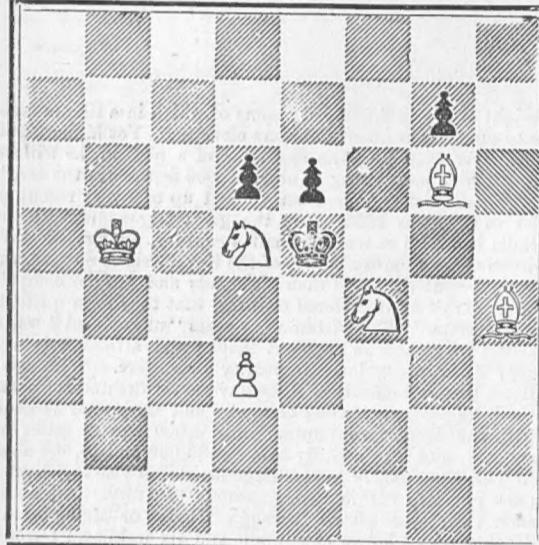
Handbook for Australia, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands. Compiled by S. W. Silver and Co., Cornhill.—This is unquestionably the best and most reliable statistical handbook of our Australasian dominion; for whilst the resources and natural products of each colony have been minutely described, an impartial account has also been given of its pastoral, agricultural, and mineral wealth, so that it contains as far as practicable the most trustworthy information upon every subject that is likely to interest any class of intending emigrants. The work is complete and exhaustive, full of interesting matter, condensed, compiled, and arranged in a systematic, concise, and readable manner, which is carefully indexed to facilitate reference. This volume, besides giving a succinct history of each settlement, points out very fairly the peculiar advantages that each one possesses as a field of emigration; consequently, for the man who contemplates founding a home in the new world, it will serve as a guide in the selection of his land, the investment of his capital, or in choosing that district where there is the greatest demand and the best market for his skilled handicraft or manual labour. It contains, besides, all necessary particulars as to the natural capabilities, the industries, the population, and the political circumstances of each colony, obtained from the most authentic sources, and the geography is illustrated by a carefully executed map, so that the work is complete in every respect, and an invaluable companion to intending emigrants.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM NO. 34.
From the *Deutsche Schachzeitung*.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following game was recently contested at the Manchester Chess Club, between Mr. Steinkahler and Mr. Baddery:

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	15. P to K Kt 3	15. Q R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	16. Q Kt to Q 4	16. R takes B
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P	17. R takes R	17. B takes Kt
4. Kt takes P	4. Q to K R 5	18. Kt takes Kt	18. Q takes Kt
5. Kt to K B 3 (a)	5. Q takes P (ch)	19. B to K Kt 5	19. Kt to K 5
6. B to K 2	6. B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	20. B to K 3	20. Q Kt to K 4
7. P to Q B 3	7. B to K 2 (b)	21. Q to Q B 2	21. Q Kt to K Kt 5
8. Kt to Q 2 (c)	8. Q to Q 4	22. Q R to K sq	22. P to K B 4
9. Castles	9. Kt to K B 3	23. Q to Q Kt 3	23. Kt takes B
10. B to Q B 4	10. Q to K R 4	24. P takes Kt	24. Kt to K Kt 4
11. Kt to Q Kt 3	11. Castles	25. R to K Kt 2	25. Kt to K R 6 (ch)
12. R to K sq	12. P to Q 4	26. K to Q R sq	26. B to Q B 4
13. B to Q Kt 5 (d)	13. B to Q 3	27. P to Q B 4	27. R to K sq
14. B to K 2	14. B to K Kt 5	28. P takes P	28. R takes P

And wins.

NOTES.

(a) This move is the invention of Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee. It yields the first player a strong attack, but as it involves the sacrifice of a Pawn, it may be doubted whether it is strictly sound.

(b) A line of defence originated, we believe, by Mr. Hosmer, of New York.

(c) A bad move. He ought to have Castled, and then played R to K sq.

(d) Better 13. B to Q 3, or 13. B to K 2, at once.

The subjoined smart game was played recently at Hartford, U.S., in a Match between Messrs. Ulrich and Cunningham:

[MUZIO GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. U.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. U.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	17. Btks. P(ch)(d)	17. K to Q sq
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P	18. P to Q 4	18. B to B 4
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4	19. P takes Kt	19. B takes R
4. B to Q B 4	4. P to K Kt 5	20. Q takes B	20. P takes P (e)
5. Castles	5. P takes Kt	21. Q to Q 3 (ch)	21. K to B sq
6. Q takes P	6. Q to K B 3	22. B to K 6 (ch)	22. K to Kt sq
7. P to K 5	7. Q takes P	23. R to B 7	23. Q to R 3
8. P to Q 3	8. B to K R 3	24. R takes Kt	24. Q takes R P
9. B to Q 2	9. Kt to K 2	25. R to Q 7	25. Q to K 8 (ch)
10. Kt to Q B 3	10. Kt to Q B 3	26. K to R 2	26. Q to R 5 (ch)
11. Q R to K sq	11. Q to K B 4 (a)	27. B to R 3	27. Q to B 5 (ch)
12. R to K 4 (b)	12. Kt to K 4 (e)	28. K to R sq	28. Q to Q B 8 (ch)
13. Q to K 2	13. P to Q 3	29. Kt to Q sq	29. Q to Kt 4
14. Q B takes P	14. B takes B	30. Q to B 3	30. P to B 2
15. K R takes B	15. Q to K Kt 4	31. Q to Q Kt 3	31. P to Kt 3
16. P to K R 4	16. Q to K Kt 2		

And White mated in four moves.

NOTES.

(a) This move, the invention of Mr. Paulsen, is far superior to the old line of play—11. Q to Q B 4 (ch).

(b) The best move, we think.

(c) This is not so strong as Castling, followed, on White's taking the Pawn with Queen's Bishop, by B to K Kt 2.

(d) A tempting move, but inferior to K R takes P.

(e) This was an error. He ought to have taken this Pawn with Queen, which would have left him with the exchange ahead and a better game.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (W.M. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVR.]

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, December 16, 1874.

The steeple-chase meeting held at Autueil last Sunday, was the last racing réunion of the year, and our turfsmen will have time to take a little rest between now and the 20th of January, when the Courses de Nice inaugurate the season of 1875. As regards Sunday's gathering at Autueil it resulted in Baron Finot gaining three out of the four prizes which were offered for competition, a result which was not very surprising as no other stable was at all creditably represented. The first race gained by M. Finot, was the Prix de l'Esperance, value £84, won in a canter by Marin, who reached the post a couple of lengths in advance of M. Planner's Daguescha; the second was the Prix de Vincennes, estimated at about £172, and easily secured by La Veine—against whom the odds at starting were only 2 to 1. The Prix des Bastions, worth £110, was gained by Count Delamarre's La Grone; the Prix de Cloture, £140, falling to the écurie Finot whose representative, hale and hearty old Nestor II., defeated Comte de Buisseret's Negro, by a length, after a well disputed struggle; the third place being secured by Mr. Hennessey's filly Audacieuse.

There is scarcely anything to chronicle this week in reference to *La Chasse*. The customary hunting and shooting gatherings have taken place at Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and Ferrières, and Marshal MacMahon, I may mention, has also been shooting in the Marly preserves. Some animated pigeon-shooting matches are going on, I hear, at Nice and Monaco.

In reference to theatrical affairs, the opera question still occupies the *tapis*, and does not seem to be any nearer solution. Last June it would appear M. Halanzier went to London and signed an engagement with Mdlle. Nilsson, by the terms of which the celebrated Swedish *primadonna* was to give twelve performances in Paris on the occasion of the inauguration of the new opera. Her remuneration was fixed at £60 per evening, and a thirteenth representation was to be given for her benefit. Everything was arranged between *impressario* and *artiste* when the general outcry in Paris against the selection of *Hamlet* for the inaugural performance forced M. Halanzier to abandon his original programme. M. Hengel, the secretary of the opera, wrote and informed Mdlle. Nilsson of the change which the manager had been compelled to make, and asked her if she would consent to interpret the rôle of 'Marguerite' in *Faust*, instead of that of 'Ophelia.' Mdlle. Nilsson declined to do so in a private letter which she sent to M. Halanzier, and from which I extract the following passage:—"I could not possibly presume to interpret a part which belongs by right to Madame Cawalho." Greatly embarrassed as to what line of conduct to follow, M. Halanzier consulted the "Commission supérieure des Théâtres," which opined for a mixed performance, composed of selections from the works of the leading French musicians. M. Halanzier accepted this advice, and telegraphed as follows to Mdlle. Nilsson:—"Presse, commission, supérieure, tout le monde désire spectacle coupé. Cela concilie tout. Votre succès ne sera que plus grand."

To this Mdlle. Nilsson replied, "If you do not give *Hamlet*, I will decide to play in *Faust*." This again upset all M. Halanzier's arrangements with the commission, and he retelegraphed to the *primadonna*, who was then at Moscow, and who replied by the following note:—"Dear Mr. Halanzier. I have just received your telegram of the 30th November, announcing to me your embarrassment which I perfectly well understand. With the view of assisting you, I proposed *Faust* instead of *Hamlet*; but as it is impossible for you to give either one or the other of these operas *in extenso*, and as they are the only ones stipulated in our contract, I come with the greatest regret to beg you to give me back my liberty of action. I have already and often refused to take part in *spectacles coupés*, and that for artistic motives which it would be too long to enumerate here, and from which I could not deviate in this instance. Believe, dear Monsieur Halanzier, in my reiterated regrets, and rest assured that I nevertheless do not renounce to the pleasure of finding myself again, in the future, your *pensionnaire* on the first French lyrique stage. Votre bien dévoué, CHRISTINE NILSSON. P.S. I should be glad if you would telegraph to me that you accept the cancelling of our contract." In spite of this letter, M. Halanzier still hoped to overcome Mdlle. Nilsson's refusal, and he telegraphed to her in the following terms:—"Your letter received, and I beg you once again to accept a *spectacle coupé*, 3rd and 4th acts of *Hamlet*. I am convinced that your great reputation will only be increased, and your triumph augmented, by the sacrifice you impose upon yourself. I ask you to accept this programme as a personal service for which I shall be eternally grateful to you—HALANZIER." Mdlle. Nilsson persisting, however, in her refusal, replied by the subjoined peremptory despatch:—"Not being able to comply with your last request, in spite of my desire to render you a personal service, I consider our contract as annulled—NILSSON." In spite of the formal character of this telegram, the *impressario* of the opera re-telegraphed to the *primadonna*, but has not received any further communication from her.

It still, therefore, remains doubtful as to what pieces will compose the managerial programme. *Figaro*'s musical critic suggests: 1. The overture of *la Muette*. 2. Two acts of *La Juive*. 3. The second act of *Guillame Tell*. 4. The ballet of *La Source*. A correspondent of the *Evénement* is however of opinion that the difficulty would be best overcome by disinterring one of Lulli's operas for the occasion. He maintains that it was Mazarin's favourite, who originated French opera; but is he quite certain that Lulli was not an Italian?

I have three Premières to chronicle this week, two at the Gymnase and one at the little Théâtre du Château d'Eau. The most important, that of *Les Deux Comtesses* at the first-named theatre, was also the most successful; and M. Eugène Nus' dramatic but simple comedy seems likely to enjoy a long run. M. de Trevenee, a Breton nobleman, has unconsciously committed bigamy. Before the revolution of 1792, he had secretly married the daughter of his intendant, Thérèse Brotot. Occupying a post as a naval officer, he had been obliged to leave for America, and on his return to Europe the revolution had already broken out, his property had been confiscated, and his name placed on the lists of *émigrés*. Although it was impossible for him to return to France, he did his utmost to discover what had become of Thérèse, and the result of his inquiries seemed to prove that she had perished in the revolution. Somewhat inconsiderately, perhaps, M. de Trevenee accepted this story as correct, and remarried abroad. At the moment the curtain rises—we are in 1817—the Breton *gentilhomme*, who has returned to Paris, is installed in a sumptuous mansion in the Rue St. Dominique. He is happy. He has a wife who worships him; a son whom he is about to marry to an American heiress, whose guardian he is; and the king has decided to make him a peer of France. This is too much felicity for one man, and one day Thérèse Brotot, poor and wrinkled, makes her appearance with her son George. Here is M. de Trevenee duly convicted of bigamy. Not only he possesses two wives, but he has also two sons—for George was born previous to his departure for America. Thérèse and her son have happily, however, noble chevaleresque natures. To prevent the catastrophe which would follow their revelations, they throw

all the documents which prove their right to the name of Trevenee into the fire, and George is recompensed for his sacrifice by the hand of the charming young American heiress—who prefers him to the Count's younger son. The idea of the piece is, of course, anything but original, but it is remarkably well written, and met with a great success. Charming Mdlle. Marie Legault who was frequently applauded in the part of 'Miss Ellen,' the young American heiress, was costumed *a la Duchesse d'Argouleme*, and Puzol in the rôle of 'George,' the young painter, had evidently copied his costume and "get up," from the portraits of the Due de Berry. Madame Othon, who interpreted the part of 'Thérèse,' was astonishingly like Mdlle. Meyer, the painter, Prud'hon's friend, and he himself seemed to be impersonated by M. Frederic Achard. As might be expected the success of *Les Deux Comtesses* was only increased by the care taken to give it all the necessary local colouring.

The *Maniagues*, the other piece produced this week at the Gymnase, is an amusing one-act *lever de rideau*, by MM. Leterrier and Vanloo. It might very well be called "The Story of a Tobacco Pot and an Accordeon."

The première at the Château d'Eau, that of the customary winter *revue*, this year entitled *La Malle des Indes*, does not call for any special mention. Suffice to say that it is sufficiently amusing, and that the scenery and costumes are effective.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The successful series of revivals of standard English Comedy which have taken place during the last two months at the Crystal Palace, was brought to a temporary close yesterday (Thursday) by a complimentary benefit to Mr. Charles Wyndham, under whose direction the performances have been given. The comedy selected was Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, which was played to, perhaps, the most crowded audience which ever assembled within the great theatre, by the following powerful, perhaps unprecedented, cast:—'Banished Duke,' Mr. W. Rignold; 'Duke Frederick,' Mr. H. R. Teesdale; 'Orlando,' Mr. W. H. Kendal; 'Amiens' (with songs), Mr. Nordblom; 'Jaques,' Mr. H. Howe; 'Le Beau,' Mr. Lionel Brough; 'Charles (the Wrestler),' Mr. J. G. Bauer; 'Oliver,' Mr. W. H. Vernon; 'Adam,' Mr. W. H. Stevens; 'Touchstone,' Mr. E. Righton; 'Corin,' Mr. R. Catheart; 'Silvius,' Mr. Russell; 'William,' Mr. W. J. Hill; 'Rosalind,' Miss Madge Robertson; 'Celia,' Miss Carlisle; 'Phebe,' Miss Rork; 'Audrey,' Mrs. Chippendale.

In the course of the performance Mr. Charles Wyndham delivered the following address:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—When the official paragraph in the circulars and programmes of to-day's performance, announcing that Mr. Charles Wyndham would deliver a short address on the aim and scope of these revivals of comedy, met the eyes of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the eyes of Mr. Charles Wyndham dilated with dismay, and the nerves of Mr. Charles Wyndham thrilled with alarm—feelings which no doubt many of you shared. However, conquering my agitation, I delivered a short private lecture to Mr. Charles Wyndham, and restored his equanimity by reminding him, that, after all, he had only ten minutes at his disposal, whereas an address proportionate to the importance of the subject, demanded at least six hours and a quarter. Will it not be, therefore, better in your own interest, to imitate the illustrious example of Royalty, when threatened with a corporation address after a long railway journey, and consider the address as read? It will save a world of trouble, will allow the comedy to go on, and be much pleasanter for you, as, generally speaking, 'Man's voluntary to man makes countless thousands mourn.'

"One or two words, however, I must say on this, to me, most gratifying occasion. Although not exactly a *Merchant of Venice*, I have freighted several ships with Comedy for their cargo. I have 'manned' them and 'womaned' them with goodly crews, and am happy to think that these ships have floated proudly and safely on the sea of your approval. Although I have now and then had a regular hunt to make up my different casts, it was always a *Love Chase*, for 'the labour we delight in physics pain,' and my heart is in the cause. The large audiences that have assembled in the Palace on the comedy days show that we have won your confidence, and I am proud to remember that we have gained the victory by legitimate means—we have not *Stooped to Conquer*. I should be a mental *Hunchback* did I not feel grateful to you for your generous support, for our career here has indeed been a—a—in fact—a *Bright'un*, and the thousands of faces I see before me now, go to prove that my programme has always been *As You Like It*.</

SALE OF HORSES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 21.

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.

	Gs.
CHASSEPO, by Monarque	Mr. Cutting 26
MYSTERY, a m., by Rapid Rhone	Mr. Astley 70
DIAGRAM, 5 yrs, by Diaphantous out of Melbourne (own sister to Aurora)	Mr. Vernon 36
L'OISANCE, ch f, 3 yrs, by Tonnerre des Indes, out of Eureka	Mr. J. Williamson 46
ROBERT LAUDRIE	Messrs. Beaumont 75
Ch g	E. H. Adams 31
Bl m	Mr. Robinson 24
Ch g	Mr. Robinson 15
Grey Pony	Mr. Poole 14
Dun Cob	Mr. Wood 33
THE PROPERTY OF SIR MORGAN CROFTON, BART.	
MUZZEN, ch g	Hon. C. Howard 36
LADY TICHBORNE, br m, by Walkington, dam by Robinson	Mr. Holman 70
PADDY, b g	Mr. Holman 50
BELL'S LIFE, b g, by Artillery	Mr. Poole 36
DAISY, ch m	Capt. Bigley 93
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.	
WOOTHERSOME, br g, by King Brian out of Irish Nancy	Mr. Ripley 78
CAMBROOK, ch f, 2 yrs, by Camerino out of Albrouk's dam	Mr. Williamson 21
AIDE-DE-CAMP, b g, 2 yrs, by Lord Clifden out of Potash	Capt. Coventry 180
MESTIZO, 4 yrs, by The Miner out of Little Savage	Mr. E. Fowler 50
THE PROPERTY OF A. W. DEICHMANN, ESQ.	
ALFRED, gr g	Baron Schroeder 560
COMET, br g	H. Chaplin 110
CARO, br g	H. Chaplin 180
PLAYFELLOW	Baron Schroeder 58
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.	
CIGARETTE, gr m	Mr. Macallum 50
RECTOR, b g	Mr. Bartley 50
EUGENE, b g	Mr. Bartley 50
B g	Mr. Johnson 36
THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER.	
JOSEPHUS, ch g	Mr. Ward 25

EXPORT OF HORSES.—On Saturday some valuable strings of horses came up to London by railway from York Christmas horse fair. Many were consigned to the stables of London dealers and jobmasters, and some studs are to be exported to France and Germany.

THE LATE MR. H. M. FEIST.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry Mort Feist, who has for years been so well known as the writer of the sporting articles in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Sporting Life*, under the signatures of "Hotspur" and "Augur." We propose at an early date giving this gentleman's portrait with a brief memoir.—On Monday night a meeting of the literary friends of the late Mr. H. M. Feist—"Augur" and "Hotspur"—was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, the object being to adopt some measures for the substantial benefit of the widow and family of Mr. Feist. Mr. Phillips, of Croydon, an intimate friend, was called to the chair, and among those present were Messrs. C. W. Blake, C. Conquest, Coomber, Ranson, W. Bryant, E. Pickering, Seddons, Pardoe and Harbard, of the *Sporting Life*: Mr. C. H. Ashley, managing proprietor of *The Sportsman*, the staff of which journal was also represented by Messrs. C. Russell, E. Harris, and J. Mitchell; Messrs. Smurthwaite and Greenwood, of *Bell's Life*; Mr. H. Harris, of the *Sporting Gazette*; Mr. Corlett, proprietor of the *Sporting Times*; Mr. W. E. Gale, of the *Morning Advertiser*; Mr. T. D. Kendall, of the *Scotsman*; Mr. J. Lovell, Press Association; Captain Firth, Croydon; and Messrs. Burch (Paris), J. Valentine (of the firm of Valentine and Wright), R. Thompson (Croydon), B. Ellam, and J. Graham (London). The first business of the meeting was the election of a working committee, the following being appointed to constitute it:—Messrs. Ashley, Greenwood, Smurthwaite, Blake, Corlett, Charles Dickens, Coomber, Phillips, W. E. Gale, Parry, Lovell, Russell, Burch, Reid, Hogarth, and H. Harris. Mr. Macfarlane, proprietor of the *Sporting Life*, and Mr. B. Ellam, of Piccadilly, were appointed trustees; and Mr. C. H. Ashley, of *The Sportsman*, chairman of the committee and treasurer of the fund. After the committee had been formed, subscriptions to a considerable amount were received from the gentlemen present, and steps were taken for bringing the movement under the notice of the sporting and the general public.

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Advertisements.

THE LONDON
CO-OPERATIVE WINE
ASSOCIATION (Limited).

STORES, 446, STRAND

(OPPOSITE CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION).

THE ASSOCIATION was established in OCTOBER, 1873, for the purpose of providing a CO-OPERATIVE STORE devoted exclusively to the supply of WINES, SPIRITS, and LIQUEURS, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments. The management is in the hands of a gentleman who retired from partnership in an old-established firm of wine merchants, in order to undertake his present post, and who bestows the same attention upon the tastes of purchasers as can be done in a private business. The advantages of co-operation are not unknown, but the reasons why a Co-operative Wine Store can compete favourably with old-established firms of wine merchants are less understood. They are:—

1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.

2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store payment is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.

3. This prior payment provides to the store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that as his business grows more and more money is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a store, and money paid for them before, in the ordinary course of trade, the wholesale dealer receives payment, and therefore the accession of business provides its own needed capital.

4. The annual payment of 5s. for a ticket, although not felt in the unit, amounts in the aggregate to so large a sum as to contribute substantially towards payment of rent, salaries, &c.

The governing council are issuing tickets to the public entitling them to purchase from the Association on the same terms as to prices and discounts as Shareholders.

ALL MAX GREGER'S HUNGARIAN WINES

May be obtained by Ticket Holders at the Stores, At 15 per cent. Discount off his Prices to the Public.

ANNUAL TICKETS, 5s.

TICKETS NOW ISSUING, AVAILABLE TILL 31ST DECEMBER, 1875.

Applications for tickets, giving name in full, address, and usual signature, must be accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the ticket.

For Price Lists address JOHN GEE, Secretary.

Stores, 446, Strand, W.C.



APOLOGY AND JOCKEY, correct portrait, beautifully coloured, 34 by 24, 10s. each; small size, free by post, 6s. The first issue is now ready.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

HUNTING PICTURES of every description. After Alken, Herring, Landseer, and Ansdell. Sets, fox-hounds, 10s., 20s., and 40s., finely coloured.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

DERBY WINNERS for the last twenty years, 10s. each, or 29s. the set. Also a very large stock of oleographs and engravings for the trade and exportation.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden. Opposite Drury Lane Theatre.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER

TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 500 medical men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided—a soft bandage being worn round the body; while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer,

MR. JOHN WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Price of a Single Truss—16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage free.

Double Truss—31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage free.

An Umbilical Truss—42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage free.

Post-office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-Office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLINGS of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each. Postage free.

JOHN WHITE, M^rufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE.—

A Fire in Winter, A Meal when Hungry, A Drink when Thirsty, A Bed at Night, [Dark] A Friend in Need, A Lucifer Match in the

and A BOX OF KAYE'S WORDELL'S PILLS at all times.—Established upwards of half a century.

Sold by all Chemists. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per Box.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The exruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

YOUNG'S ARNICATED CORN AND BUNION PLAISTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease, and removing those painful excrescences. Price 1d., and 1s. per box. Any Chemist not having them in stock can procure them.

Observe the Trade Mark—H.Y.—without which none are genuine. Be sure and ask for YOUNG'S.

ALL MUSIC UNDER HALF-PRICE.—Any 4s. piece sent post free, 1s. 9d.; any 3s. piece, 1s. 3½d.; any 2s. 6d. piece, 1s. 1d., including the newest and best music of all publishers. Lists sent free.

FREEMAN & GAGE, 15, Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

Sold by all Ironmongers and Lamp Dealers.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

General Accidents. Personal Injuries. Death by Accidents. C. HARDING, Manager.

Our Paragon Burners give the light of 25 candles at the nominal cost of One Farthing per hour. Over 5000 patterns to select from in stock.

The Registered Paragon Heating Stove is the best and cheapest for warming greenhouses, and the Hurricane Lantern cannot be blown out by the highest gale of wind.

Sold by all Ironmongers and Lamp Dealers.



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HUNTING.

SALES BY AUCTION.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, on MONDAY, Dec. 29, the following HORSES, that have been hunted this season with the Duke of Beaufort's and the Blackmore Vale Hounds, the property of Captain F. D. Grissell and W. H. Fife, Esq., 9th Lancers, under orders for India:—

1. WEXFORD.
2. COMET.
3. VANDAL.
4. MAY DAY, by Blood Royal, dam by Mickey Free.
5. SOVEREIGN.
6. ROSEBUD.
- They are all young horses, and in condition; 2 and 5 are perfectly broke cavalry chargers, and 4 took second prize for four-year-old hunters, Dublin Horse Show, 1874.
- The property of W. H. Fife, Esq.
1. HAPPY THOUGHT, chestnut gelding, 5 yrs.
2. VERDANT GREEN, bay gelding, 6 yrs.
3. NUMBER ONE, chestnut gelding, 6 yrs.; first prize for 13 st. hunters, Dublin Horse Show, 1873.
4. COMING K, brown gelding, 7 yrs.
5. WATER CURE, brown gelding, 5 yrs.
6. IRISH TIMES, bay gelding, 5 yrs.; highly comended for 13 st. hunter, Dublin Horse Show, 1874.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Dec. 29, the following HORSES, that have been hunted up to the present time in Leicestershire, the property of Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart.:—

1. KALULU.
2. KILLIGREW.
3. KILLIECRANKIE.
4. KATE.
5. KILDARE.
6. KELMARSH.
7. KATINKA.
8. KANGAROO.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Dec. 29, the following HORSES, well known with the Fitzwilliam and Pytchley (Mr. Watson's) Hounds, the property of Captain L. Brown, of Oundle, who is prevented by an accident from hunting:—

1. WINWICK, brown gelding, 5 yrs. old, about 18 hands high.
2. ASHTON, brown gelding, 6 yrs. old, about 16 hands high.
3. BLACK MARE, aged, about 15 hands 3 inches high. The above are in fine condition, and regularly hunted up to November 30 (date of accident).

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28, on account of ill health, the following HUNTERS, up to 1st, in good condition, and fit to go.

LAMBOURNE, brown mare; well known with the Essex.

KILSHANE, bay gelding; well known with the Surrey Stag-hounds.

LADY FITZ, chestnut mare; has been hunted; a good dog-cart horse.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28, the property of Major Carlyon.

THE SPEAKER, by Filbert, dam Needle, by Camel, her dam by Guile out of Purity, by Filho da Puta. Filbert by Nutwith, dam Celia, by Touchstone. The Speaker won 15 races in 3 years, 7 races at two years old. He beat, amongst others, Lifeboat, King-at-Arms, and Comforter. Has covered, and his stock are very promising.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 29, the property of a gentleman.

PADDY, brown gelding, 8 years old, 15.3, up to weight, and fast.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 29, (unless previously disposed of), the property of a gentleman going abroad.

PERFECTION, brown mare, up to great weight; well known with the Crawley and Horsham fox-hounds.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28th, the following HORSES, the property of T. G. Batson, Esq., 9th Lancers, proceeding to India.

1. BAY GELDING; good charger.

2. NORTH MARSTON, bay gelding; good hunter.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28, SACCHARINE, a brown mare, 5 years old, by Saccharometer out of Nelly (late Untie), by Knight of Kars; winner of the Hunters' Races at Sutton Park, Worcester, and Shrewsbury; engaged in The Great International Hurdle Race at Croydon.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28th, the following HORSES, the property of a Gentleman.

1. DIZZY, bay gelding, 7 yrs.; this horse won in 1873 the Ross Hunt Cup, the Farmers' Steeple-chase at Abergavenny, and the Open Hunters' Steeple-chase at Tenbury. This year he won the Seven Bank Stakes at Worcester, the Open Hunters' Stakes at Moreton-in-Marsh, was second for Open Hunters' at Aylesbury, won Open Hunters' Race, Merton Grinds, Oxford, the Scramble at Stratford-on-Avon, the Open Hunters' and Hunt Cup at Ross, the Open Hunters' Steeple-chase of £100 at Abergavenny, carrying 1st, and the Open Hunters' at Weobly. He is perfectly sound and qualified for hunters' races, never having been liable to Race Horse Duty, and a certificate is lodged at Weatherby's.

2. SIR LIONEL by Wild Dayrell, dam by Ninus—Lanercost, 6 yrs.; winner of hurdle races, a fine jumper, and likely to make a steeple-chase horse.

3. AUSTREY at Atherstone out of Sprite, 2 yrs.; winner of races and very promising.

GREATWOOD, bay mare; a good hunter, well known with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, was one of the few up in the memorable Greatwood run.

QUICKSTEP, 14-2; a fine goer, fast, a wonderful harness cob, and up to weight.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28th, the property of a gentleman.

MASTER TUPSLEY, brown horse, 15.2, high, by Tupsley out of Atlas; winner of several steeple-chases in Ireland; great bone and substance, excellent temper, and perfectly quiet to hounds; has been carrying over 15 stone.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28th, the following HORSES, which have been regularly hunted up to the present time, the property of J. Scott Chisholm, Esq., 9th Lancers, who is going to India:—

1. ESMERALDA, brown mare by Ivanhoe, dam by Sir Hercules, 7 yrs.; good hunter and fencer.
2. THE FLIRT, 5 yrs.; good hunter and fencer, quiet in harness.

Also, the property of B. Cough, Esq., 9th Lancers, who is going to India:—

- RUBY, chestnut mare by Jack o' Lantern, dam by Voltigeur, 4 yrs.; a broke cavalry charger.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 28, the following weight-carrying HORSES, which have been hunted with the Crawley and Horsham foxhounds, the property of E. G. Leader, Esq., who has gone to India.

PORTRAIT. | CREAM CHEESE. | THE SQUIRE.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4th.

1. QUEENWOOD by Man-at-Arms, out of Win-and-Pay, 4 yrs. (h-b); this mare is the winner of the Queen's Plate and Biennials at Weymouth, Beaufort Hunt Cup at Monmouth, and likely to make a first-class hurdle racer or steeple-chaser. Also, RUBY, chestnut mare by Nutbourne, dam by Newminster out of Irish Queen, by Harkaway, then 5 yrs.; covered by Costa.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4th, the following HORSES, the property, or part property, of Mr. Thos. Stevens, jun. (if not previously disposed of):—

CRANBOURNE, bay horse by Cranbury out of Constance, by Collingwood out of Languish, by Cain, 8 yrs.

HAREFOOT (h-b), 5 yrs.

HIS LORDSHIP, bay horse by Lord Clifden out of The Arrow, by Slane out of Southdown, by Defence, 5 yrs.

GAMMON, chestnut gelding by Blarney, dam by Burghundy, 5 yrs.; a maiden, qualified for hunters' races, a certificate lodged at Messrs. Weatherby's.

ST. PATRICK, bay colt by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, by Fisherman out of Idyll, by Ithuriel, 4 yrs.

HOUBLON, bay gelding by Grimston out of Hopper, by Mildew out of Hopbine, by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs.

BUFFON, 4 yrs.

BURGHLEY, bay colt by Knight of St. Patrick out of Ethelinda, by Wild Dayrell out of Ethel, by Ethelbert, 4 yrs.

PATRICK, brown colt by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, by Fisherman, 3 yrs.

JACK O' LANTERN, brown colt by Voltigeur out of Phoebe, by Touchstone out of Collina, by Langar, 3 yrs.

WORMSLEY, chestnut colt by Chevalier d'Industrie out of Lily, by Colsterdale, her dam Sister to Grey Tommy, by Sleight of Hand, 3 yrs.

Also, to dissolve a partnership,

SIMPSON, bay horse by Master George (son of Papageno) out of Maggiore, by Lecompte out of Evergreen, by Glencoe, 8 yrs.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4th, the following HORSES, well known in the Belvoir and Cottismore Hunts, where they have been ridden forward with the Hounds, the property of a Gentleman, and sold in consequence of ill health.

1. HEREWARD, 7 yrs., 16 hands full, up to 1st; a good hunter.

2. CIGAR, chestnut gelding, 5 yrs., 15.3; a good hunter, very strong.

3. THE QUEEN, rich dark brown mare; carried a lady two seasons; very strong, and fine action.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 4th, the following HORSES IN TRAINING.

1. IVANHOE, by Broomeielaw out of Vexation (The Colonel's dam), 3 yrs.; with his engagements, under Lord Exeter's conditions. He is a remarkably fine horse, with great power.

2. PLANTAGENET, black gelding, by Broomeielaw out of Melia; then 4 yrs.; good horse to lead work.

THE REGISTERED MUSIC PORTFOLIO, with gilt metal ends, and secure handle, for out-door use. Also the Patent EXPANDING and SPRING BINDING FOLIOS, for in-door use. Sold by Wholesale and Retail Musicsellers. Wholesale and Export of E. J. WILLSON, St. Bride-street, E.C.

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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1875, without reserve, the entire Stud of HUNTERS and HACKS, hunted up to the present time, the property of H. Wormald, Esq. (who is suddenly, from ill-health, prevented hunting again this season), together with all the Saddles, Bridles, and Clothing:—

1. WARWICK.
2. YORK.
3. NEWTON.
4. THE MILLER.
5. VAN GALEN.
6. GLOSTER.
7. PATCH.
8. JERRY, hack.

The hunting and exercise saddles, quantity of double reins and other bridles, and all the clothing.

The splendid range of Stables, close to Rugby, consisting of 5 loose boxes, 4 stall stables, washing box, saddle-room, coach-house, large yard, stud grooms' cottage and helpers' rooms, to be let from Jan. 12 to Sept. 1, 1875. For order to view apply to Messrs. Tait & Sons, Rugby.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 11th, 1875, the following HORSES, the property of J. Eustace Jameson, Esq., 20th Hussars, who is forbidden to hunt on account of his health. The Hunters are well known with the Ward Union and Meath Hounds, and will be hunted up to sale with the H. H. and Mr. Garth's Hounds.

1. ROYAL IRISHMAN, by Raglan; winner of the 20th Hussars Regimental Cup, 1874.
2. THE CLAIMANT; up to weight, and very clever.
3. RINGLEADER, 5 years old, by Tom King (by King Tom), his dam Tidings (dam of Excelsior); a brilliant fencer, and promising steeplechase horse; warranted untried.
4. THE BIRD (late Avis), by Sylvanes; winner of the only two steeplechases she started for; qualified for hunters' races.
5. BLACK SHEEP, by Zouave, dam by Old Arthur (nearly own brother to The Lamb); very clever and temperate.

RACEHORSES IN TRAINING.

6. PERI (foaled in 1868), by Hornblower out of Pixie; winner of many steeplechases.
7. CHAMPION (foaled 1867), by Skirmisher out of Fistiana; only ran twice over a country; likely to make a good steeplechaser.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

WINSLOW, 4 yrs. old, by Lord Clifden out of Creslow, by King Tom, her dam Lady by Orlando—Snowdrop, by Heron; winner of the Hunt Cup at Ascot with 8 st. 10 lbs., and many other races.

He is a beautiful horse, and valuable as a stallion.

For price, &c., apply to Messrs. Tattersall.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

ONSLOW, 5 yrs. old, by Cambuscan out of Drincibella, by Voltigeur—Priestess, by the Doctor—the best two-year-old of his year; very muscular, and likely to make a valuable stallion.

If not sold will stand at Shepherd's Bush for the season 1875.

For price apply to Messrs. Tattersall.

FOR SALE by PRIVATE TREATY,

VASCO DI GAMA, brown colt, 2 yrs. old, by Beadman out of Salamanca (own brother to Pero Gomez); winner of several races.

COMET, bay colt, 3 yrs. old, by Thormany out of Stella, by West Australian; winner of several flat races, and likely to make good hurdle-racer and steeple-chaser.

For price and particulars apply to Messrs. Tattersall, Albert Gate, Hyde Park, London, W.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.